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MARCH 10, 1970

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BY JAMES BURNHAM

NATIONAL REVIEW

That Great American Superstition:

THAT THINGS ARE IMPROVING IN THE SOVIET UNION

TIBOR SZAMUELY

Also In This Issue:

JOHN BRAINE ON SAUL BELLOW ♦ GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT ON SHIRER'S "THE COLLAPSE OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC" ♦ DONALD ZOLL ON FRANK S. MEYER ♦ ALSO PETER P. WITONSKI, JOHN BRENNAN, THEODORE STURGEON, RUSSELL KIRK

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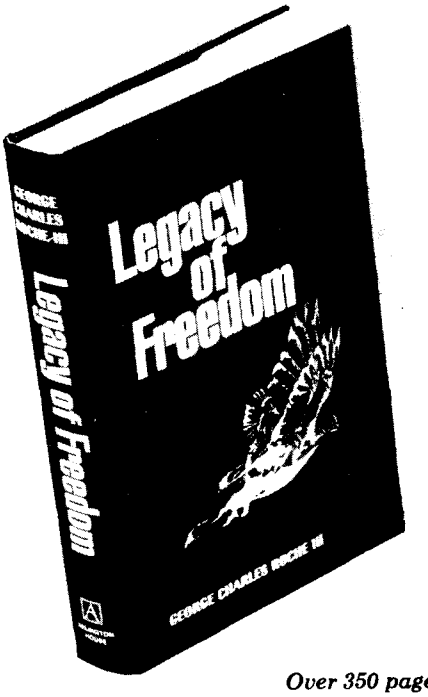

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Those peerless leaders of the Democratic Party (and would-be leaders of the nation) Sens. **Edward Kennedy**, **Eugene McCarthy** and **George McGovern** ducked out on the **Stennis** amendment vote. . . . Vote found many 100 per cent liberal civil righters joining **Abe Ribicoff** in support of Stennis, among them Republicans **Aiken** (Vt.) and **Cooper** (Ky.), and Democrats **Mansfield** (Mont.), **Tydings** (Md.), **Cranston** (Cal.). . . . In the debate Ribicoff pointed out "America cannot make a true integrated school system as we are now demographically situated. I know you're not supposed to say that. But it's true."

■ Republican congressional watchers wondering who was moving left faster: **Charles Goodell** of New York or Rep. **John Anderson** of Illinois, chairman of the influential House Republican Conference. According to ACA, Goodell has won. Anderson managed to bring down a cumulative ACA voting record of 81 per cent to 40 per cent, in a single term. But Goodell, doing the impossible, came up with a 10, which makes him more liberal even than **Jacob Javits** (14). Lowest Republican scorer was freshman **Charles Mathias** (Md.), 7 per cent; **Charles Percy** was next (8); **Edward Brooke** (9).

■ At warm-up time, it looks this way: **Ralph Smith**, in Illinois, is running well ahead of Republican primary contender **William Rentschler**, but **Al Barkan** of the AFL-CIO COPE (Committee on Political Education) is working hard to defeat Smith. Winner will take on **Adlai Stevenson III** for what was Sen. **Everett Dirksen**'s seat. . . . Smart money says Charles Goodell hasn't got the Republican nomination wrapped up in New York, though his chances of winning nomination still rated better than 50-50. . . **John Eisenhower** won't play. Writing from Brussels, where he is U.S. ambassador, he has declined to run in Pennsylvania against Sen. Hugh Scott (not that Eisenhower's all that popular in Belgium). . . . Republican National Chairman **Rogers Morton**: If **John Lindsay** "wants to go over to the other side, he has my blessings."

■ The inevitable Czech political purge is under way. One Czech UN aide, **Jiri Mladek**, has refused to return home where he faced a political inquisition, has asked and been granted asylum. . . . Four famous Czech exiles have been stripped of their citizenship; in Czechoslovakia itself writers and other intellectuals who supported **Dubcek** are being asked to turn in their party cards. . . . The city council of **Brno** announces it will rename Masaryk Boulevard "Victory" Boulevard on the 25th anniversary of the "liberation" of the city by the Soviet army in 1945 (first liberation didn't completely take so Soviets had to do it all over again two years ago). . . . Twenty-eight professors at West Berlin's wild, leftist **Free University** have gone on strike "against student terror" and have called a week-long halt to all lectures. . . The **International Court of Justice** at The Hague swore in five new justices last week—and then adjourned. It doesn't have a single case on the docket (fancy a world so untroubled).

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Ben Roth Agency

"Apart from the tulip fields, Father, is there any particular reason why you want a posting to Holland?"

■ And fancy this: ABC newscaster **Howard K. Smith**, who describes himself as a left-of-center liberal, says **Spiro Angew** was right in saying that the news media are dominated by liberals. In a *TV Guide* interview, Smith said some of the liberal newsmen who "politically assassinated **Lyndon Johnson** are now trying to assassinate Nixon politically. They hate **Nixon** irrationally." . . . **Jessica Mitford**, fresh from her labors on *The Trial of Dr. Spock*, is working on a 7,000-word piece for the **ACLU** on the "American way of imprisonment." Other contributors to the ACLU symposium: **Ralph Nader** and **Nat Hentoff**. . . . With three more deaths from narcotics in **New York City** last week (bringing the total for the year to 141), city health authorities report that narcotics are now the biggest single killer in the fourteen-to-35 age group in the city. Deaths among teen-agers are up 700 per cent in three years. . . . Split in socialist ranks: The old time Socialist Party (**Michael Harrington**) continues to support Israel; the militant Young Socialist Alliance and Socialist Workers Party have come out for the Arabs.

■ Move over Dallas, you've had it climate-of-hate-wise, according to folk-singer **Phil Ochs**, who, at one of the post-Chicago Seven demonstrations, announced: "The final public death of democracy was in Chicago in 1968, and now we have the final death of the law in Chicago. **Daley** and **Judge Hoffman** are the assassins of law."

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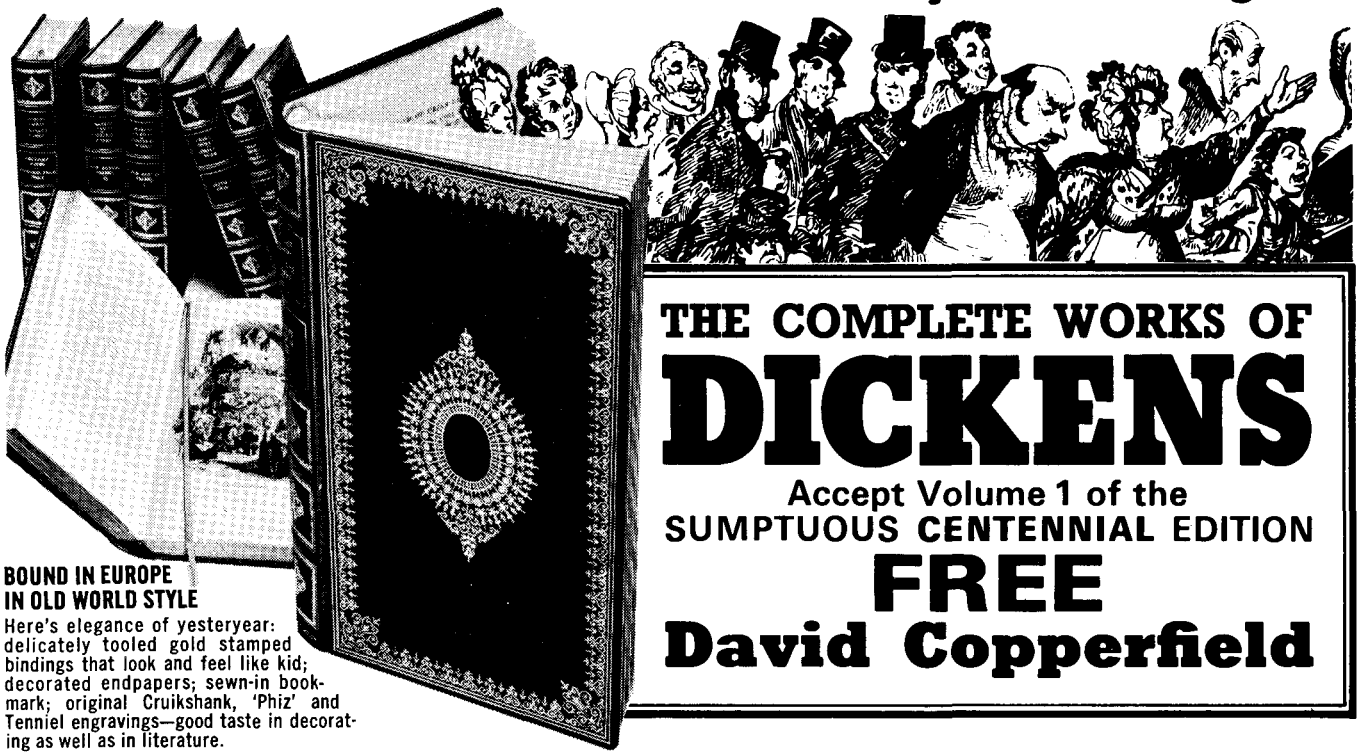

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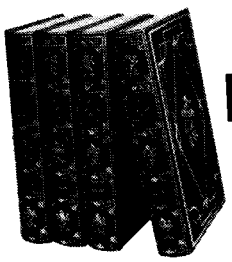

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LETTERS

Up Brookhiser!

I enjoyed Rick Brookhiser's article on the Moratorium at Irondequoit High School.

For the past eight years I've lived in this town, fighting the school system on one issue after another—a school system where it has been made known that the liberal line is the only line, where antidraft and antiwar movements are encouraged openly, where Duty, Honor and Country are something that only Dad and those people believe in.

Now I find that they have failed with a member of the freshman class. Will it last? Mr. Brookhiser is right, the followers of the Left do not know what they are cheering for. Only that they have a dandy "copout."

After I read the article, I called several of my friends and found out that:

1) Many did not subscribe to *NR*, but intend to soon.

2) The local weekly newspaper was instantly interested.

3) The clouds rolled away, the sun came out, it was the greatest news since the Indians left the area in 1812.

I hope that we will indeed hear from Mr. Brookhiser again.

Irondequoit, N.Y. RONALD C. WENDELL

American POWs

I have long admired NATIONAL REVIEW. For that reason I found distressing certain inaccuracies on your discussion of the American prisoners of war ["The Week," Jan. 27].

My husband, Dr. J. Harold Kushner, has been a prisoner for two and a half years now—he is one of 1,406 men who have been listed as prisoners or missing in action. However my husband is imprisoned in *South* Vietnam, by the Vietcong, as are almost 450 other Americans. There are more than one hundred listed as missing over Laos and about 850 over North Vietnam. The latter figure, unless we resume heavy bombing of the North, will remain static, but the numbers of prisoners held by the Pathet Lao and the Vietcong will increase. I might also mention that from the men in South Vietnam and Laos no mail has ever been received. And I know my husband has received none of the many letters I have written to him to tell of the birth of his son, now almost two years old.

Secondly, Lt. Trishman, recently released, did not have his arm amputated—his elbow was removed sloppily—and he no longer has use of his forearm.

My husband is an M.D., the only doctor to have been captured during this conflict, and in his camp at least one prisoner has died from malnutrition. This information was given to me by Specialist 4 Strickland, who was released by the Vietcong in October 1969. Specialist 4 Strickland had been in the camp with my husband and was also able to tell me that they had almost no medical supplies, and that my husband was performing limited but necessary surgery with used razor blades.

I personally have made journeys to Paris and Cambodia in an attempt to get medical supplies and equipment to my husband, yet the NLF representatives have refused him access to these life-saving drugs.

I agree that this terrible situation should not exist, and only a strong and concerted effort of the American people will force the NLF and Hanoi to grant humane treatment to the prisoners.

Danville, Va. MRS. VALERIE M. KUSHNER

Who's Batty Now?

Could it be that our politico-military neo-isolationism, the effects of which I noted with horrified fascination on a recent trip from Australia through Vietnam to Japan, has now become a cultural doctrine too? In his review of my book (to be more exact: of my decadent and reactionary person) ["Athena's Bat," Feb. 10] Professor Stephen Tonsor dismisses Maurras and Salazar (presumably de Maistre and Bonald also) as "inane," and the "European experience" as irrelevant to the American scene. How sad that meanwhile other Americans seek out other inane European thinkers like Marx and Marcuse, and transplant *their* ideas Mr. Tonsor dismisses as "silly."

Saying "transplant" I fall into Tonsor's trap: The U.S. is not beyond the human condition, evil and error grow abundantly on this soil too. For example, another irrelevant European, Tocqueville, warned that America, a democracy, would have no genuine foreign policy, would be unable to "persevere in a fixed design and work out its execution in spite of serious obstacles." How true this prediction was one comprehends as one travels far from the *New York Times*' argus eyes. So with Tocqueville, but also Maurras and Salazar; having said some valid things about man and State, history professor Tonsor stands on shaky grounds when he denies the relevance of history, be that the history of Europe.

Silly or not, leftist ideas, both transplanted and homegrown, have wrecked Europe and are now doing the same thing to this country. How naïve of Tonsor to assert that "the great liberal-left revolution is coming to an end"! On the contrary, we are in its very center; and who has fought this revolution, arresting it at least for two generations? Was it Salazar—or is it Richard Nixon whose Administration Mr. Tonsor calls, to my endless amazement, "restorationist-constructive"? Or, for that matter, was the revolution opposed by Maurras—or is it opposed by Tonsor when he compares both Maurras and Salazar to George Wallace, thus helping the liberal Left discredit the conservative tradition, European and American?

Alas, Mr. Tonsor illustrates my old contention: Scratch a conservative intellectual and you will find, in many cases, a semiliberal nostalgic for the whole image.

Note: Mr. Tonsor misread me. I am against the monarchy, find the English crown clownish, and prefer the Colonels to Constantine. No, I am no admirer of Mussolini; yes, I admire Franco.

New York, N.Y. THOMAS MOLNAR

Chambers: Another View

Previously, I read with considerable interest Whittaker Chambers' *Witness* and *Cold Friday*. And now, thanks to *NR*, I have read in part his *Letters*. Albeit my sympathies have always been with this tragic man, I now realize more clearly how much he knew and how little he learned; how much more driven he was by emotion than by intellect. On the balance, I think he looked upon this planet, found it wanting . . . took little and gave less. I say this with sorrow for I have great empathy for him. The *Letters* find his pain returning in me. His final irony seems to have been that, like our beloved lower forms, he could feel but not smile in the face of life's inevitable blight and misery.

Largo, Fla. JAMES R. FISHER JR.

Corrections

Harold Lasswell has written many stupid (and *some* sensible) things. He did not, however, write *The Authoritarian Personality* ["Two, Three, Many Dallases," Feb. 10]. The credit for this work goes to T. W. Adorno, Else Frenkel-Brunswik and others. It disturbs me that your erudite staff did not catch this error.

I am also disturbed to see the word "redneck" used in your magazine. It is cruel, tasteless, and . . . well, snobbish. Perhaps it would be better if we left the use of that word to liberals.

Lawrence, Kansas KEITH MCCOY

Although I share some of your movie reviewer's tastes (or perhaps illusions) and his fondness for *Merry-Go-Round* (1922) [*NR*, Feb. 10], which he puts first in his favorite film list for last year, I cannot agree with his facts. As Mr. Corliss should know, the film was originally di-

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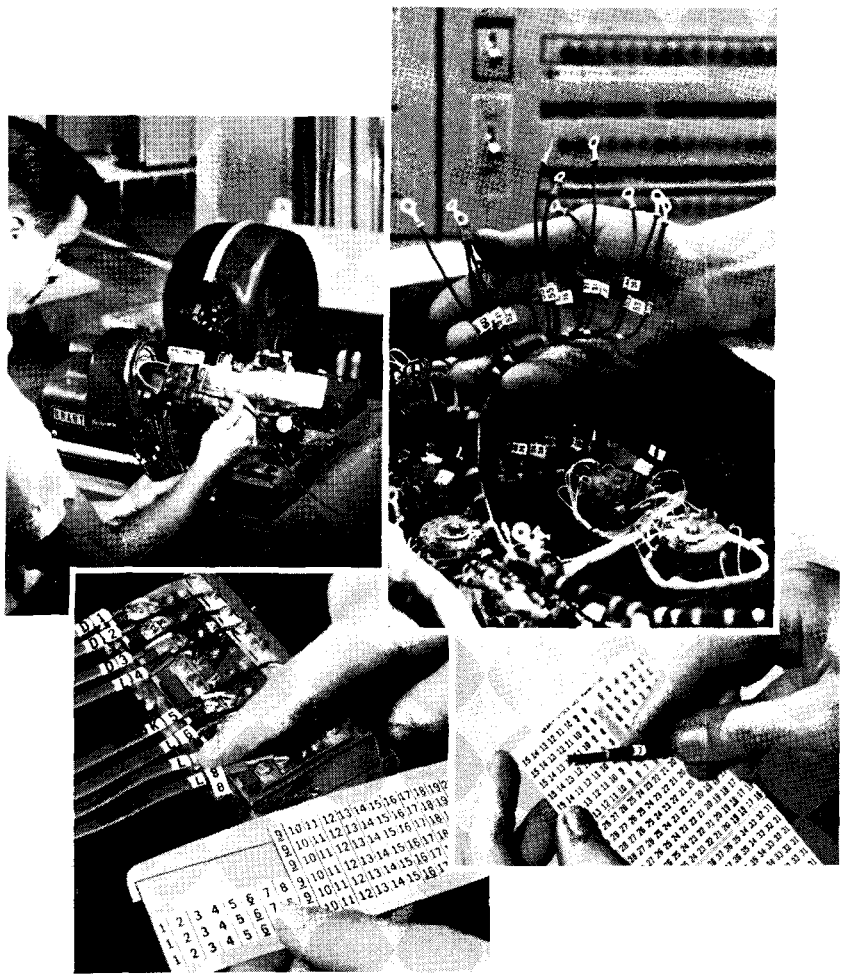

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rected by Erich von Stroheim from his own script. When that great was man fired —genius is not often appreciated in Hollywood or elsewhere for that matter—Julian was hired by the studio to pick up the pieces and finish it. Julian may have won legal credit for the direction, but never the right to possess the essence of this superb creation. The film, despite Julian's additions, remains von Stroheim's affair. Julian was facile: von Stroheim, despite his continental sophistication, was virginally sincere in his integrity. Indeed, as history proves, Julian never created anything close to genius; von Stroheim never achieved anything less.

Albany, N.Y. ARTHUR LENNIG

Street Preaching

I was delighted to read Sir Arnold Lunn's call for Christians to regain their nerve and to be ready to discuss and defend their beliefs ["Catholic Bishops Meet in Rome," *NR*, Dec. 16]. The Catholic Evidence Guild of New York is a group of Catholic men and women who still recognize the importance of apologetics. We go out on to the streets of New York to give brief talks on the teachings of the Church and to answer questions about them. We are not reactionaries who want to repeal Vatican II, nor are we radicals who want to repeal all previous councils from Nicea through Vatican I. We are just ordinary Catholic lay people who want to share our faith with others. Any of your Catholic readers in the New York metropolitan area who would like to learn more about the Guild and possibly join us are invited to attend one of our weekly training meetings which are held from 7:30 to 9 at the Third Order of St. Francis Hall, 127 W. 31st Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

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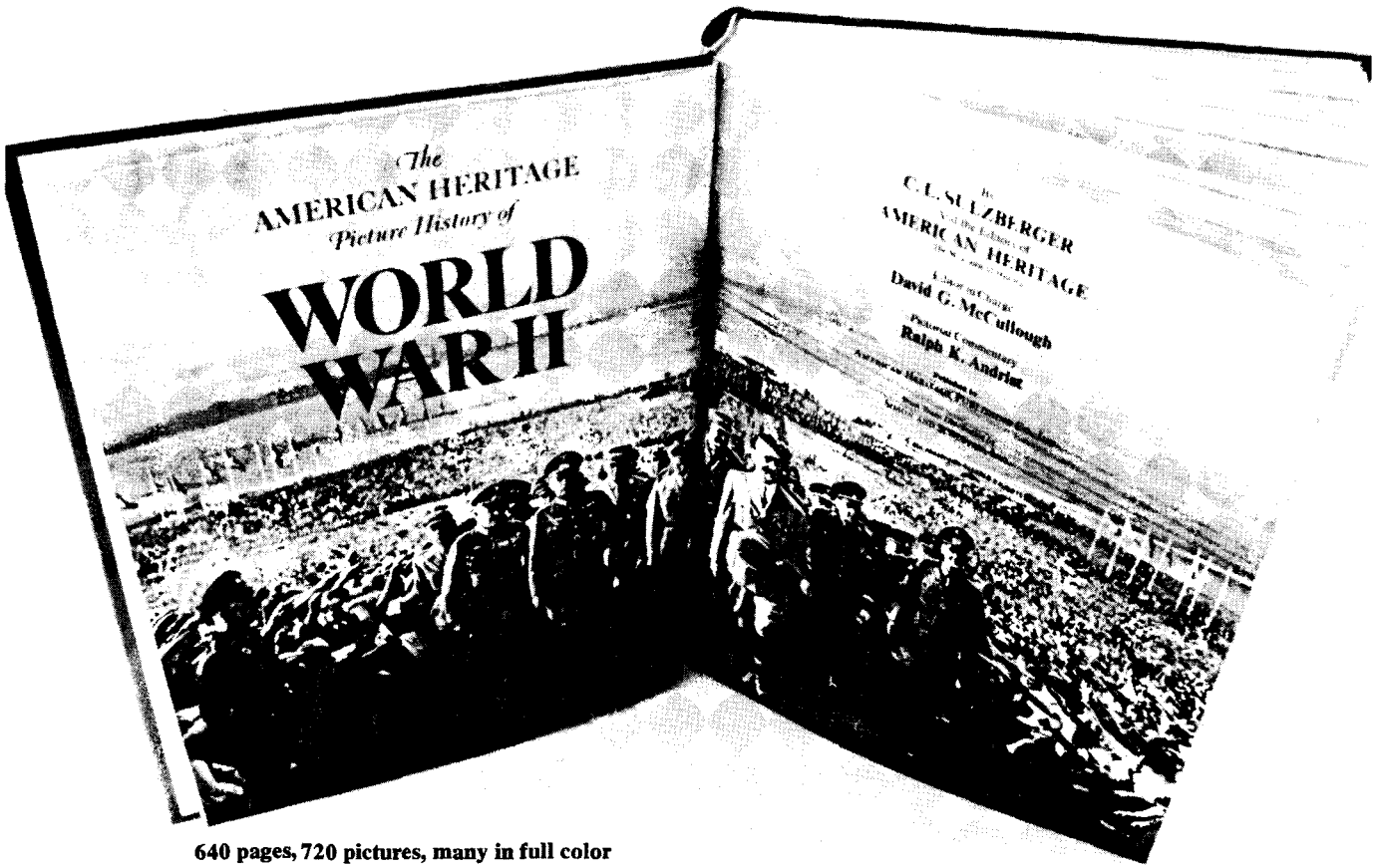

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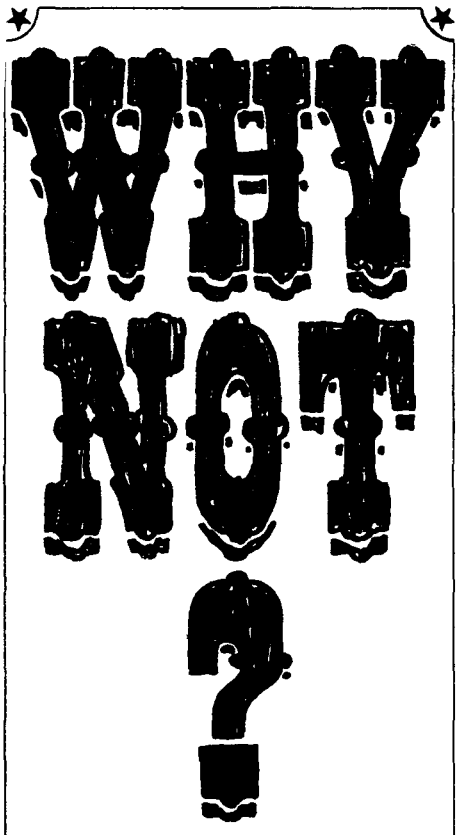

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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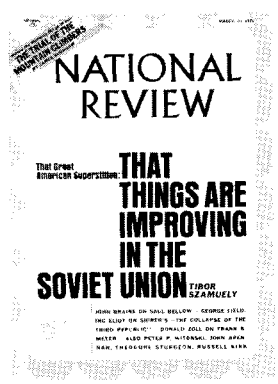
IN THIS ISSUE

■ Mr. **Tibor Szamuely** contributes an important and definitive study of contemporary Soviet ideology. Mr. Szamuely's credentials as a scholar of Soviet affairs are impressive. He was born in Moscow in 1925. Twelve years later, his father was murdered during the great Stalinist purges. Mr. Szamuely served in the Red Army during WW II, later graduated from Moscow University, and taught modern history at Budapest University, where he also served as Vice Rector. Between 1950 and 1952 he spent eighteen months in Soviet prison and labor camps. Since 1964 he has lived in Britain, lecturing at Reading University and contributing regularly to such journals as *Spectator* and the *Sunday Telegraph*. . . . The first shot was fired in our December 16 issue. Professor **Donald Atwell Zoll**, Chairman of the Department of Philosophy and Classics, University of Saskatchewan, wrote a controversial article which we predicted would drive Frank Meyer to his typewriter. It did, and he delivered his broadside in *NR* December 30. And in this issue, Professor Zoll counterattacks. And we again predict that the guns of Woodstock will not long lie silent. . . . Another delightful satire from **John Brennan**, author of "Where Are You, Father O'Brien, Where Are You Father Fitzgerald?" (*NR*, March 11, 1969). Mr. Brennan, like all good satirists, also has a deeply serious side. He is co-author of a recently published textbook on drug addiction to be used in high schools. . . . **John C. Smith** gives us a piece on pro football. And all of us who suffer from the Sunday afternoon off-season jitters know exactly what he means.



■ **Peter Witonski**, Assistant Professor of History at Washington University in St. Louis, reviews Enoch Powell's *Freedom and Reality*. Mr. Witonski's first book, *The Wisdom of Conservatism*, will be published by Arlington House in the fall. . . . **John Braine**, former leader of Britain's angry young men, dissects with a fine novelistic eye the latest widely reviewed work by Saul Bellow. . . . **Dennis Duffy** is Assistant Professor of English at Trinity College, University of Toronto, and Arts Editor of the *Canadian Forum*. He contributes articles regularly to the *Toronto Star* and is the author of *Marshall McLuhan*, the first volume in the New Canadian Library's Canadian writers series. His sister Mary is a regular panel member on Wm. F. Buckley's *Firing Line* TV show. . . . **Theodore Sturgeon**, dean of science fiction writers, analyzes several central works in the recent sf renaissance. . . . And **William A. Rusher** takes time off from the horrendous demands of publishing *NR* and a frenetic speaking schedule and goes to the movies. An avant-garde movie. And—bring out the smelling salts—he likes it.

THE 21ST ANNUAL NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

On Wednesday, March 4th, the seven winners of the 1970 National Book Awards will be honored in a presentation ceremony at Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, in New York. Meanwhile, these are the books by American authors published in the United States in 1969 which the judges regard as among the most distinguished:

ARTS AND LETTERS

LILLIAN HELLMAN—*An Unfinished Woman*, A Memoir. Little, Brown RICHARD HOWARD *Alone With America*, Essays on the Art of Poetry in the United States Since 1950. Atheneum NOEL PERRIN—*Dr. Bowdler's Legacy*, A History of Expurgated Books in England and America. Atheneum JOHN UNTERECKER—*Voyager*, A Life of Hart Crane. Farrar, Straus & Giroux GORE VIDAL—*Reflections Upon a Sinking Ship*. Little, Brown

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE

VERA AND BILL CLEAVER—*Where the Lilies Bloom*, (Ill. by Jim Spanfeller). Lippincott EDNA MITCHELL PRESTON—*Pop Corn & Ma Goodness*, (Ill. by Robert Andrew Parker). Viking ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER—*A Day of Pleasure*, Stories of a Boy Growing Up in Warsaw. Farrar, Straus & Giroux WILLIAM STEIG—*Sylvester and the Magic Pebble*, (Illustrated by the author). Windmill Books / Simon & Schuster EDWIN TUNIS—*The Young United States 1783 to 1830*, (Illustrated by the author). World Publishing

FICTION

LEONARD GARDNER—*Fat City*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux LEONARD MICHAELS—*Going Places*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux JOYCE CAROL OATES *Them*. Vanguard Press JEAN STAFFORD—*The Collected Stories of Jean Stafford*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux KURT VONNEGUT, JR.—*Slaughter house-Five or The Children's Crusade*. A Seymour Lawrence Book/ Delacorte Press

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

DEAN ACHESON—*Present at the Creation*, My Years in the State Department. W. W. Norton TOWNSEND HOOPES—*The Limits of Intervention*. David McKay T. HARRY WILLIAMS—*Huey Long*. Alfred A. Knopf JOHN WOMACK, JR.—*Zapata and the Mexican Revolution*. Alfred A. Knopf GORDON S. WOOD—*The Creation of the American Republic, 1776-1787*. Univ. of North Carolina Press

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

KENNETH E. BOULDING—*Beyond Economics*, Essays on Society, Religion, and Ethics. Univ. of Michigan Press LOREN EISELEY—*The Unexpected Universe*. Harcourt, Brace & World ERIK H. ERIKSON—*Gandhi's Truth*, On the Origins of Militant Nonviolence. W.W. Norton ROLLO MAY—*Love and Will*. W.W. Norton THEODORE ROSZAK—*The Making of a Counter Culture*, Reflections on the Technocratic Society and Its Youthful Opposition. Doubleday

POETRY

DANIEL BERRIGAN—*False Gods, Real Men*. Macmillan ELIZABETH BISHOP—*The Complete Poems*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI—*The Secret Meaning of Things*. New Directions ROBERT LOWELL—*Notebook 1967-68*. Farrar, Straus Giroux PHILIP WHALEN *On Bear's Head*. Harcourt, Brace & World/Coyote

TRANSLATION

DENISE LEVERTOV—*Selected Poems*, Eugène Guillevic. New Directions RALPH MANHEIM—*Castle to Castle*, Louis-Ferdinand Céline. A Seymour Lawrence Book/Delacorte Press PHILIPPE RADLEY—*The Italics Are Mine*, Nina Berberova. Harcourt, Brace & World RICHARD SEAVER & HELEN R. LANE—*Manifestoes of Surrealism*, Andre Breton. Univ. of Michigan Press JOHN UPTON—*Cumboto*, Ramón Díaz Sánchez. Univ. of Texas Press

The National Book Awards are administered by the National Book Committee, and consist of seven $1,000 prizes donated by the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, the Association of American University Presses, the Book Manufacturers' Institute, the Children's Book Council, and the National Association of College Stores.

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THE WEEK

■ Traditionally, the University of California awards an honorary doctorate to the principal speaker at its April 2 Charter Day ceremonies. In the past, recipients have been such men as Jan Masaryk, John F. Kennedy and Konrad Adenauer. But this year the guest of honor apparently didn't quite measure up. Breaking with 102 years of tradition, the Regents voted not to award a degree to the featured speaker, John Lindsay.

■ Judge Carswell shouldn't sit on the Supreme Court, quoth the Democratic Policy Council (H. Humphrey, chairman), because Justices "must be devoid of any record of racial bias, intolerance or discrimination" and as we all know Mrs. Carswell once sold a lot the deed for which contained a racial covenant, aha! Come to find out, from 1947 to 1964 Humphrey lived in a house that, according to the deed, mustn't "be sold, leased to or occupied by any person of Negro blood except as to occupancy by domestic servants while employed on the premises by the owner." We can all breathe easy—if Judge Carswell isn't confirmed, Nixon won't *dare* nominate Humphrey.

■ The Washington intelligence community is much disturbed by a result of the Administration's economy drive that has gone publicly unremarked. The Library of Congress, required to take a $3.5-million cut in its budget, is abolishing its Aerospace Technology Division. This little known unit has had a staff of 230. Many of them are scientists, engineers and technicians who defected from the Soviet Union and other Communist nations. A key part of their work has been the translation and analysis of Soviet scientific and technical reports, an output that has been a very important source of intelligence on Soviet aerospace and military developments. The Pentagon is concerned not only about the indispensable data—which it will have to try to get from a variety of private sources, almost certainly at much greater total cost—but, as *Aviation Week & Space Technology* points out, at the strong possibility that some of the defectors, too young for retirement but too old and too much apart from things in this country to get decent new jobs readily, will redefect with the usual propaganda fanfare accompaniment.

■ Who but George Wallace would confer with Lieutenant William Calley, accused of multiple murders in the alleged Mylai massacre, and then tell the press, "If the government would spend as much time fighting the folks who are trying to destroy this country as jumping on the people fighting for the country, we'd be in a lot better shape"? Who else would risk gambling so recklessly on his intuition of Americans' ultimate gut reactions to the Mylai episode?

■ President Nixon's Commission on an All-Volunteer Armed Force has found what it was sent after, a set of historical, practical and philosophical arguments in favor of ending the draft. In its report the Commission based its conclusions upon arguments long endorsed by NATIONAL REVIEW, Milton Friedman and Senator Barry Goldwater, as well as by Senator George McGovern, *Time* Magazine, and the *New Republic*: "The United States has relied throughout history on a voluntary armed force except during major wars and since 1948. A return to an all-volunteer force will strengthen our freedoms, remove an inequity now imposed on the expression of the patriotism that has never been lacking among our youth, promote the efficiency of the Armed Forces and enhance their dignity. It is the system for maintaining standing forces that minimizes government interference with the freedom of the individual to determine his own life in accord with his values."

■ The most interesting thing about the Venceremos—the young American anti-Americans who are traveling to Cuba to help harvest Castro's sugar cane—has been their treatment by the U.S. press: either benevolent or neutrally reportorial. "Some looked forward to eating 'sweet and fresh avocados' and predicted 'fresh air, no cars and pollution' in Cuba. . . ." (Wait till the dears get their first whiffs of the smoke-molasses smell of sugar cane milling.) Would they have received this sort of treatment if they had volunteered to help the Greek colonels get in *their* crops? Is there more freedom in Cuba than there is in Greece? Is Cuba on *our* side?

■ Negotiations between Paris and Athens for sale of thirty Mirage 3E fighter planes to Greece are said to be nearing completion. As of now all Greek military aircraft are American-made, thus linking Greece and American military strategy—and helping sustain the American aerospace industry. In 1967 the pressure of liberals opposed to the Greek junta induced the Johnson Administration to impose an embargo on transfer to Greece of

At the Wailing Wall

There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.
—St. Matthew

Senator Javits: "It's a disgrace."
Senator Percy (turning to Case):
"Ribicoff did it." Proxmire: "*Yes.*"
Senator Church: "I call it a mess."
Senator Griffin: "Who would have thought
Senator Mansfield could have been bought?"
Senator Pell: "*I'm* willing to bus."
Tydings: "And leave the driving to us?"
Senator Scott: "Let's go for a drink.
Anyway, Dick was with us . . . I think."

W. H. VON DREELE

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- **Finn Andreen:** Secretary, International Freedom Academy.
- **Dr. L. Metzemaekers:** Editor, HET FINANCIEELE DAGBLAD, Netherlands.
- **"The Gnome of Zurich":** the Swiss banker, who although long associated with Mr. Rickenbacker, must remain anonymous for discrete professional reasons.
- **M. Berkhout:** foreign correspondent, LONDON FINANCIAL TIMES.

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aircraft or other major weapons, which President Nixon has continued. If Greece switches to the Mirage, this will be another notable coup in President Pompidou's dynamic Mediterranean policy—and another plum for French aerospace firms—following up the sale of 110 Mirages to Libya and thirty to Spain, both American customers until this year.

■ Wondrous! By braving the farthest regions of the Sunday *New York Times*, one finds offered for sale egg clusters of the praying mantis. These are "planted" out in the yard and in due course several hundred mantises emerge and start eating the bad insects in your garden by the thousands. *Voilà*, the market is offering a non-pesticidal, non-polluting means of insect control. Nevertheless, we'll bet there's not a liberal in the country who would live next door to a praying mantis.

■ Let's see, now. First Leonard Bernstein threw that nifty party at which the Beautiful People met a Real Live Black Panther, and gave him oh's and ah's and money. When the Panther said the whole rotten capitalist system had to go, Leonard cuddled up to him and said "I dig absolutely." Then the maestro gave that statement in London, about how his fund-raising efforts had failed because the Panthers are "a bad lot" who "won't be rational" and anyway "I did it not because I necessarily believed in what the Panthers stood for, but because they were people." *Then* (two days later) he said he hadn't said that at all, he'd said something else that he couldn't quite remember, and the Panthers "are advocating violence against their fellow citizens, the downfall of Israel, the support of Al Fatah and other similarly dangerous and ill-conceived pursuits" so of course "if we deny these Black Panthers their democratic rights because their philosophy is unacceptable to us, then we are denying our own democracy."

■ In a guest editorial for the *Capon Farrum*, organ of The Capon Society [hope we got all that right over the phone], Rep. John B. Anderson (R., Ill.), having addressed the alienation of "blacks and the poor," turns "with equal force" to alienation of the young, citing an expert's view: "I was interested in what Arlo Guthrie had to say recently . . . 'We're not a whole group of people involved in a plot. Some look strange. They act strange. Some look ferocious. Some look gentle. They do things that are paradoxical, that make no sense at all. It's only by making no sense that you can make some sense, by having no self-gratifying goal that you can ever really fulfill yourself. Until everybody finds that out, they're going to be uptight, upset, popping uppers, downers, drinking booze, smoking dope. Instant Glory!' " Yes, "Instant Glory!" Rep. Anderson moved on to his point, which is that the Republican Party should appeal to various "strange" people (which it obviously does already), in such a manner as not to invoke their scorn at being asked to commit themselves "[t]o institutions which have grown threadbare in their attempt to impart a respectable covering for the bare bones of irrelevance and inaction which might otherwise be exposed," and we don't suppose even Arlo could say it better.

■ A student friend at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, writes of the routine campus events during the week before Washington's birthday: "In the last seven days there have been two major police-student confrontations, two nights of 'trashing" by roving bands of radicals (trashing means throwing rocks and breaking windows; causing actual physical damage to the enemies of the people), two episodes involving the 'unshelving' of several thousand books in the University undergraduate library by black students—rendering the library useless to all others during midterm exams—a parade on the diag complete with balloons and kazoos, and a bullet found lodged in President Fleming's house. . . ."

■ Lenore Romney, wife to George, said that no, she didn't really want to run for senator from Michigan, unless, that is, the Party drafted her, and in the practice of the Michigan Republican Party to be drafted means to get the support of 75 per cent of the Party leaders for designation as "preferred candidate," but at the leaders' February 21 meeting she was never able to make it higher than 59 per cent in one vote after another that her supporters called for, but next day, well, how could a lady refuse such a show of confidence and yes, after all, she would be willing to stand. Governor Milliken gallantly promised his backing two minutes later, practically assuring her the nomination. The tougher part will come when Mrs. Romney faces her Democratic rival, Senator Philip Hart, a strong incumbent despite all those peanut butter sandwiches.

■ It's official. OEO Director Donald Rumsfeld has circulated a memo approving the word "poor" as "accurate and entirely appropriate." Earlier, an ukaz had gone out directing OEO works to eschew "poor" in favor of "low-income individuals."

■ Yale got a salty taste of women's liberation on Alumni Day when forty of the new coeds stormed an Alumni Association luncheon and seized the microphone to protest their slave conditions at New Haven. The girls are overcrowded and oppressed, having trouble at Mory's and what's more, dissatisfied with the unequal ratio of men to women. Yale men are in the dumps too about

Straight Talk from Abe Ribicoff

Rejoicing's in order, so let us rejoice.
Abe speaks with an unhypocritical voice.
If mixing's the message, let's mix up the whole;
No chef ever beat up just *half* of a bowl.
I'll turn on the blender; you watch the dough rise.
Perhaps we'll concoct a delightful surprise.
But if the ingredients stick to our plates,
We'll bloody well eat it in all fifty states.

—W. H. VON DREELE

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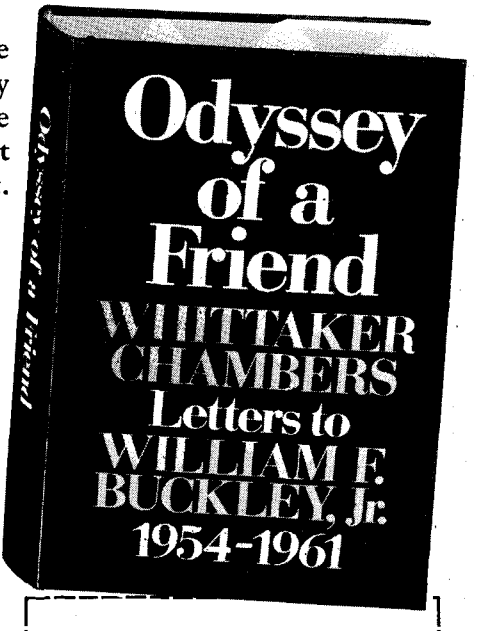

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If you are under 30, this may well be one of the most informative — and *formative* — books you will read. The depth and brilliance of Chambers' mind covered so many subjects, produced so many insights, explored such varied and unusual thought currents, that you will find yourself spellbound. How could one man absorb all this? How could he be so consistent yet never predictable? Illuminate so many ideas? Describe with such accuracy the inner workings of movements, epochs and even people who were often largely or even wholly unknown to him?

Why We Bet on You

For three issues, *National Review* devoted the lion's share of its article section to excerpts of "Odyssey of a Friend." Even so, we were able to bring you less than a quarter of the whole book.

The response to what we *did* publish has fully justified our own feeling that Chambers' letters would be the publishing sensation of the season (almost all the mass-circulation magazines and book reviews have, or soon will, review it: the *New York Times'* reviewer actually praised it!) We bet that, after getting a taste of what the book was like, a great many of our readers would be anxious to read the whole thing for themselves.

That is why we put in our order for copies *before* the book went to press,* and are now delighted to be able to send you a copy of this memorable book for just $1.95 postpaid along with your subscription or renewal to National Review.

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— Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

What You Will Get

You may be sure it was a terribly difficult job to pick those parts we *did* publish; for every letter we got *in* we had to leave out others just as interesting, very often with additional facts or commentary on the same subjects. When you get the whole book you will of course have all the letters, and in proper order. The range of subjects covered is breath-taking (which is why the book is fully indexed: quite unusual for a book of letters), and it is possible to give only a brief outline of the complete contents here:

1) **How Chambers got to know** Wm. F. Buckley Jr. and how their friendship developed.

2) **Richard Nixon** as Chambers knew him — and the fascinating discussions about Nixon between Chambers and various people in and out of NR.

3) **More about** NATIONAL REVIEW — its history, its personalities and its early trials and successes — than you are ever likely to learn from any other source. (Aahem!)

4) **Alger Hiss:** the man, the Case, the whole (even to this day) unbelievable story (incidentally, so you will *not* be confused by the welter of events and personalities, Bill Buckley has included, as a "forward" to this volume, Ralph de Toledano's concise, factual account of the whole Hiss-Chambers controversy.)

5) **The many famous people** Chambers knew: Henry Luce, Arthur Koestler, Willi Schlamm, Hede Massing — and many more, known personally or not, whom he discusses here.

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the formidable intellectual reputation of their Amazons. Many an alumnus has expressed a longing for the good old days when Yale was just Yale and not an experiment.

The Iceman Cometh

Everyone has sensed a certain madness in the atmosphere surrounding recent "causes," whether the campus rebellions, the antiwar movement or some of the later phases of the Negro movement. The emotional atmosphere seemed incommensurate with the case being urged; it had a kind of life of its own—hard, aggressive, absolute, desperate. The particular cause or issue, whatever its merits, seemed subordinate to the overriding necessity for expressing those emotions. But now, with increasing frequency and boldness, the emotion is detaching itself from all particular causes and is being independently avowed.

It "is impossible any longer," writes educator John Holt in the *N.Y. Times Sunday Magazine*, "to say to young people that this is a benevolent or trustworthy or even in any reasonable degree sane society." And then he gives a catalogue of our three hundred deadly sins: "Nobody seriously believes that we are likely to solve or are even moving toward a solution of any of the most urgent problems of our times—war, the proliferation of atomic, chemical and bacteriological weapons, overpopulation, poverty, the destruction of the earth's natural resources, the degradation of man's physical and biological environment, the fossilization and depersonalization of his political and economic institutions, his increasing alienation, boredom and anger." Holt is all for the Berkeley radicals.

But turn to the *Times Book Review*, same Sunday, and find there a long lead review by one Marshall Berman, a teacher of "political science" at City College. Berman is concerned to celebrate the insights and the influence of R. D. Laing, a British psychoanalyst, who "asserts boldly that, from its deepest roots, our whole society is mad. Indeed, he suggests, the only difference between his schizophrenic patients and 'normal' men is that his patients know that they are mad, while normal men deceive themselves into thinking that they are sane."

Over in the *Times*' "Week in Review," same Sunday, there's a featured interview with Albert Szent-Gyorgyi, who got a Nobel Prize in 1937 for discovering vitamin C. "American society is death-oriented," says Szent-Gyorgyi. "All our ideas are death-oriented. . . . The only people who can make the turn is youth—our present youth." But, asked what he would do if he were twenty, Szent-Gyorgyi gave this sage advice: "I would share with my classmates rejection of the whole world as it is—all of it. Is there any point in studying and work? Fornication—at least that is good. Fornicate and take drugs against this terrible strain of idiots who govern the world."

These are voices on "the Left," not the voices of recognized crackpots but of teachers at Berkeley and City, and of scientists, who are, lo, holding forth in the *Times*. But what can explain their rhetorical totalism, which the first touch of reasoned analysis would expose as contemptible rubbish? In part such statements are examples of the old tactic of displaying pain—"I cannot stand it, oh no, I cannot stand it"—in the interest of laying claim to special sensitivity: Only boobs and philistines could possibly *like* America or have a pleasant time here. This rhetorical pose thus displays pain as a claim to special *status*. But the note of pathological exaggeration seems new, at least in its nakedness and its intensity, for the major media to be sounding. (Heretofore it has been restricted to *Partisan Review*, *Ramparts*, *Dissent* & Co.) Why the desperation of that claim to special status?

Because these are the voices of a class of persons who are being displaced, who no longer feel certain of their relationship to political power, whose grip on the governing institutions has been grievously loosened, whose characteristic solutions are in the process of being rejected, whose very hold on reality itself is beginning to be suspect, and who are sliding into irrelevance. History's Dust Bin. In short, they are liberals.

Will the Real Ed Muskie Please Shut Up

Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine, who wouldn't mind being President, is Mr. Clean Himself. He goes up and down in the land preaching the gospel of pure air and water; he beards the devil Industry, saying that if factories can't meet pollution standards "as rigorous as we can devise," then they simply shouldn't be built; he's got a whole book on pollution coming out later this year; when Nixon proposes to spend $10 million to make the waters limpid, Muskie sees him and raises him $15 million. Clearly, the gentleman thinks he is onto a hot one.

It was not ever thus. Back in 1965 (when the crusade *du jour* was for civil rights or something like that), Senator Muskie brought pressure to bear on the Maine legislature to downgrade the Prestile River. Where formerly the river was classified suitable for swimming and fishing, after Muskie's efforts it was perfectly legal to pollute it. The downgrading was needed, Muskie said at the time, to attract a beet sugar refinery to depressed Aroostook County. The refinery was built (by a friend of Muskie's who was seen wining, dining and limousining the Maine delegation at the 1968 Democratic convention) and sure enough, the Prestile turned to gunk. It got so bad, in fact, that farmers across the border in New Brunswick tried to dam it off.

When the river was downgraded, Muskie assured the world that this was only temporary, that the refinery needed a little time to meet state pollution standards. It never did. It folded in short order; now the Prestile is being polluted by potato processing plants.

Brief pause here, to fume over the manifest hypocrisy

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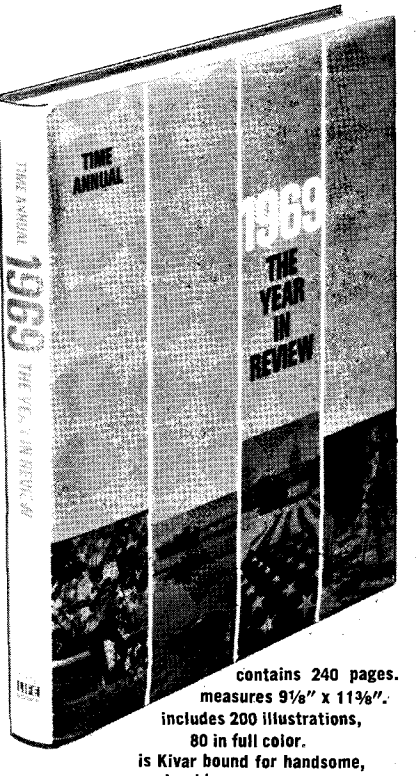
1969 THE YEAR IN REVIEW

Portnoy wasn't the only one with a complaint.



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Students demonstrated against the war. The "silent majority" finally found its voice and protested the protesters. Others found fault with the flamboyant nudity of "Oh! Calcutta!" And just about everybody got angry about the pollution of our environment. At year's end, the protests were bringing about big changes. In a fascinating mix of color photography, reportage and bylined articles produced especially for this new book, the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS review this year of protest—and change—in

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Carlo Ponti, Jr., Sophia Loren's greatest achievement. Thor Heyerdahl and his papyrus boat, "Ra." Norman Mailer, a candidate. Comeback for Mae West. Nation mourns passing of Dwight D. Eisenhower and Everett M. Dirksen.

Environment.
The peril of DDT recognized. New threat of thermal pollution. Polluted air corroding Venice's priceless marbles. The Santa Barbara oil slick. Reprieve for two national heirlooms: the Everglades and the Mineral King Valley. Profiles of conservation leaders.

Culture.
A season of shock in the theater. Naked abandon of "Oh! Calcutta!". Movies, also sexier than ever. "I Am Curious (Yellow)" opens to big lines. The metamorphosis of the Western. On television, the Smothers Brothers smothered. Chuck Berry and Fats Domino now popular again. B. B. King, indeed "king" of old blues; Janis Joplin, queen of new blues. Photographer Raymundo de Larrain's portfolio of fashions from the flea market. TIME Associate Editor Gurney Breckenfeld on inflation. The Alaska oil rush. Nader's "raiders." The food franchising boom.

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of Mr. Clean. That done, let us stop kidding ourselves. Can we really blame a politician for exploiting an issue that at the moment burns bright in the public bosom? Give the people what they want. . . . Today they want clean air and water, they think; five years ago in Aroostook County they wanted industry and jobs. Aroostook County remains poor; the whole state of Maine is poor, and certainly the proposed oil refinery at Machiasport, latest target of all antipollutionists except Ed Muskie, would be a shot in the arm. The question nobody seems to want to face is that of costs. The antipollution crusade, if carried to extremes, will cost—directly, in taxpayers' dollars, and indirectly, in the thwarting of badly needed industrial development in poor areas and (perhaps) the slowing of economic growth in the nation as a whole. But economic growth and industrial development—technological civilization, in short—cost too. And they pollute. The only way out of the dilemma is a careful weighing of the costs, and the working out of reasonable compromises, one at a time—both impossible in the climate of hysteria that clouds the pollution question. The simple fact is, Mr. Clean cannot have it both ways, and neither can the rest of us.

Conservation and the Economy

It is already becoming apparent how the current enthusiasm for conservation of natural environments can be fashioned into a nasty weapon for those who dislike business on general principles. Even some conservatives are tempted to discuss the matter as if there were an unavoidable conflict between "the economy" and "the environment," as if all economic "progress" can only be at the cost of natural "destruction," and as if we were faced with a difficult choice of measuring whether we are willing to "pay the price" in terms of an interrupted nature in order to "enjoy the benefits" of the ever-swelling Gross National Product.

To put the question in such superficial terms is to close the door to understanding. Actually, as we all know, the "cost" has already been "paid" in the real world: Lake Erie is moribund. What we have not done is to give an accounting of the cost. It so happens that we have "spent" our resources but we haven't maintained a page in our books of account for them. There is a perfectly good reason for our incomplete accounting: The question hadn't come up when we were in the process of learning how to keep books.

One thing we must do is transcend the merely conventional unit of the annual accounting period. Forestry companies have learned to discuss profit and loss for accounting periods as long as thirty years. Industrial users of waterways can do the same. Damage that is invisible on a year-to-year basis but becomes visible over longer time spans can be accounted for if we adopt a new convention about our "annual" reports. By the merely technical trick of changing our accounting periods, we can express the real costs and spread them over smaller periods—say, the familiar annual periods. We have depreciation reserves for machinery and buildings. We should open up depreciation reserves for environmental assets. There is no ineluctable conflict between man's activities and the order of the natural world—man's activities are rather a part, the highest part, of that order. There is, however, a great shock to man when he learns that his activities have been far more costly than he supposed. Once he knows the real cost of his actions, he is in a position to alter his ways. The seeming conflict dissolves when ignorance gives way to knowledge. —WFR

Integration: Morning After

A man who has known both Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller over the years remarks that Rockefeller came to regard Richard Nixon as a sort of political Professor Moriarity. During their rival Republican careers, Nixon's moves were often virtually invisible, but their effects could be perceived everywhere.

This mode has persisted. One day the Vietnam protest movement fills campus, street and air-wave. Articles are written lamenting "the breaking of the President." Then suddenly you can't find the movement anywhere. No one even talks about it. Beginning in 1954, the federal drive to integrate the public schools gathered momentum until it seemed irresistible. But now—muffled and ambiguous moves, scuffling, a scream from Tom Wicker—the entire process seems to be grinding to a halt: an idea whose time had come, but then, suddenly gone.

First of all, a seismic shift had taken place in public attitudes. As noted in *NR* (Feb. 10, p. 122), forced integration had turned many schools across the nation into racial battlegrounds and, especially in urban areas, had required the continuous presence of police to maintain a semblance of order. Skepticism spread about the validity of the entire enterprise. Massive antagonism to the notion of "busing" reflected this skepticism.

In Washington during the past fortnight these facts of political life produced dramatic effects. Leon Panetta, the liberal integrationist who headed the civil rights division at HEW, a relentless enforcer of "guidelines" on "racial balance," was forced out of office. Simultaneously, Nixon let it be known that he more or less supported the Stennis amendment which seemed to strike at Northern de facto segregation: Nixon thought a law should apply to all sections equally, though of course he was against "busing." The Senate got the message, and the Stennis amendment passed 56-36, in the process reviving the Republican-Southern-Border state coalition, plus Abe Ribicoff. Concretely, however, the Stennis amendment implied a massive expansion of resistance to "busing" and all that it entails. The Senate vote implied that schools should integrate after, rather than before, neighborhoods were integrated. To cap it all off, the House passed three riders of similar implication.

From the perspective of 1970, the federal decision to begin racial integration in the schools seems a startling

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curiosity. In effect, children of both races were being asked to cope with a deeply rooted social problem which for generations their elders had been unable to resolve. The unstated presumption was Rousseauistic and sentimental: The children were "innocent," uncorrupted by the attitudes of their families. Whereas the families might be unreasonable, the kids would get along, and the kids would improve the world. The squads of police posted in corridor and playground comment definitively on this presumption: The "kids," predictably enough, are more vulnerable, less rational and more given to violent impulses than are adults. Far from being innocent little *tabulae rasae,* available for the benign crayon of Mr. Panetta, children and adolescents have problems enough of their own without the added burden of being required to solve the problems of adults.

In fact, ethnic integration in America has always been a partial thing, and when it has been successful it has always started at the higher rather than the lower levels: Money, status, professional identity and achievement can force ethnic identity into the background. As far as the public schools are concerned, the prime task is to improve the quality of the education offered, regardless of the racial composition of the classroom. As William Raspberry, an able Negro columnist writing in the *Washington Post*, asked last week: "Isn't it about time we started concentrating on educating children where they are?"

From the General to the Particular

On February 18 President Nixon sent his 43,000-word opus, "United States Foreign Policy for the 1970s: A New Strategy for Peace," to the Congress and revealed it to the people, and by February 20 it had been forgotten. Forty-three thousand words are just too many; the mind boggles. And the truth is that you can't really chart a foreign policy for a decade ahead except by sticking to such abstract generalities that nothing at all, or anything at all, follows when you seek to apply them in practice. Beyond giving a rather ambiguous expression to the prevailing isolationist cycle in the nation's collective sentiment, the document doesn't say much, though it must have been lots of fun for those who wrote and compiled it. Actually, its suggested Aquarian estimate that we have entered a decade when negotiation, partnership and peace are to be in the ascendant, with global tensions cooling off and ideologies withering, isn't very convincing.

There was, in truth, lots doing on the foreign policy front during the week following publication date, but neither the facts nor the answers can be found in or derived from the lofty text. The Mideast war extended to world airlines and mounted in its local theater toward the critical point of fission implosion, if not hydrogen fusion; forty thousand North Vietnamese troops conquered the Plain of Jars in Laos, thus gaining the strategic position from which it is an easy downhill run to the Mekong River and achievement of the Laotian sector of Ho's Revolution on the Mekong. The questions posed were not generalities, but painfully particular. Do we undertake to supply Israel with additional Phantoms, beyond those already contracted, and thus help Israel's grand strategy of driving the Arabs totally into the hands of Moscow, thus forcing us into a direct confrontation with the Soviet Union? Do we stand by while the North Vietnamese, with Chinese support in the northern Laotian provinces, take over Laos and thus make strategically meaningless any hope that the Nixon Vietnamization-cum-withdrawal policy can prevent Communist domination of South Vietnam? Power, unfortunately, does not grow out of the paragraphs of 43,000-word documents.

Why Not Seventeen?

"Extending the franchise" has been a perennial reformers' cause for the past 150 years, and many a bitter battle has been waged over each escalatory stage. But looking back and around, it is surprising how little difference a further expansion of the roll makes, once quite a lot of people have got the vote in a country. There are still some among us who can remember how the champions of women's suffrage, male and female, promised that a new era of peace, morality and plenty would arrive when the women, God bless them, mothers of our sons, keepers of the hearth fire, could troop to the polling booths. But the statisticians have shown that in our country as in most others it hasn't really changed anything much one way or another. Female voters are just as foolish and short-sighted as male voters.

With such reflections we console ourselves as we observe the seemingly happy voyage through Senator Birch Bayh's subcommittee of the proposal to lower the voting age to eighteen. (Is it possible that Senator Bayh's sponsoring of such a measure could be related to the boomlet his friends are starting to get him a place on the Democrats' national ticket?) Last week Deputy Attorney General Richard G. Kleindienst informed the subcommittee that even President Nixon—never a man to let himself be outflanked—"after careful study and consideration. . . . has concluded that a constitutional amendment to permit eighteen-year olds to vote is desirable," though he thinks the amendment should limit itself to congressional and Presidential elections, leaving the others to the several states. Senator Bayh allowed he would agree to "half a loaf rather than no loaf at all" and go along with the White House.

If eighteen, why not seventeen? Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, testifying for the eighteen- to twenty-one-year olds, declared they were "subject to taxation without representation," but surely a former At-

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torney General realizes that a seventeen-year old—and for that matter a one-year old—is subject to taxation if he has a taxable-sized income. Seventeen-year olds get married and have children. If they aren't drafted under the present law, they can volunteer, and we're going to junk the draft anyway in a year or so. Nobody can understand most big public problems nowadays—inflation, space, crime, advanced weapons, poverty, schools, whatever—so one age is as good as another from that standpoint. Seventeen-year olds look at TV, smoke pot, freak out on acid and go to dirty movies just like their older brothers and sisters. We can't think of a single argument for a voting age of eighteen that doesn't apply just as well to seventeen.

And if seventeen, why not. . . . Representative Allard K. Lowenstein (D., N.Y.), indeed, remarked at the hearings that if it were left up to him, "I might lower the voting age to twelve." Eventually . . . why not now?

John Lindsay's Idealism

John Lindsay appeals "to our worthiest national instincts and idealism," writes Jimmy Wechsler in the *New York Post*—the same week John Lindsay a) idealistically refused to welcome French President Georges Pompidou to New York City, and b) worthily denounced Judge Hoffman and the Chicago trial but ignored the provocations of the defendants and their lawyers.

At the time of JFK's assassination, much was made by the Wechslers of this world of the "climate of hate" that was supposed to exist in Dallas, and much was said about the responsibility borne by the respectable elements in the community for tolerating it. Adlai had been insulted and manhandled; the very morning of JFK's visit, Dallas newspapers printed "JFK Go Home" ads. Now during the past few weeks hundreds of letters have been received by the French consulate in New York, many of them containing grave threats against Pompidou, some of them even threatening assassination. Lindsay's deliberate and demagogic discourtesy to the French President, an act unprecedented in America's relations with France, can only reinforce the emotions reflected in the threatening letters. Lindsay's discourtesy, as an *official* gesture, even endows with a sort of legitimacy these violent and potentially dangerous emotions. A responsible American statesman, if he disapproved of France's sale of Mirage jets to Libya, might have given Pompidou a "cool" but "correct" New York City reception, a tactic which would have symbolized disagreement, but which also, by maintaining civility, would have distanced the raw hatred and defined it as unacceptable. Instead, Lindsay pandered to it.

Similarly, in denouncing the Chicago trial while deliberately ignoring the revolutionary provocations by the defendants and their lawyers, Lindsay was directing his anger at the very target of the revolutionary thrust. Demagogically, Lindsay was suggesting to the revolutionary Left: "Look, we have the same enemies. I am on your side." As Wechsler says, John Lindsay appeals "to our worthiest national instincts and idealism."

Week of the Bombs

Bombs have been going off for months now, but the blasts have been isolated enough—a few in New York, a couple in Oakland or Pittsburgh or Seattle—so that the explosions have been muffled by distance and quickly forgotten. But during the third week in February, American cities were terrorized by planned and concerted bombings. And this time everyone heard them. There were bombings in nearly every major city, from Philadelphia to Seattle. Hardest hit were New York and the San Francisco-Berkeley area. In New York, a police station and a Navy recruiting office were firebombed,

"But it was such a pretty looking box. . . ."

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and four Molotov cocktails were hurled at the home of Justice John Murtagh, judge in the trial of thirteen Black Panthers. His house was bombed at 4 A.M.; he, his wife and four children were asleep inside. Outside, painted in red on the sidewalk, were found the words: "Cong have won . . . free the Panthers."

In Berkeley, four days before, a thousand New Leftists and Street People went on a destructive rampage, bombs were thrown at the police station. Sixteen police cars were damaged and one officer, Paul Morgan, was seriously injured. Morgan has lost the use of his left arm. In San Francisco, a bomb exploded in the Park Police Station, the Haight-Ashbury precinct, spraying glass and steel splinters into a room occupied by twelve officers. Nine were injured and one of them, Sergeant Brian V. McDonnell, died. Metal fragments had ripped through his left eye and torn into his brain.

A little tougher this time to pretend that these were unconnected incidents, and it isn't just Governor Reagan who's making the connections. After the bombings, a reporter for the radical *Berkeley Barb* wrote: "All the cops around Park Station wear the faces of men at war. . . . The faces at Park Station are the faces of American patrols coming back from a night with the Vietcong. The face of being stuck with a war where the natives used to be friendly. But this war is at home."

After Chicago

Shaved, shorn and somehow resembling *fin de siècle* Bosnian terrorists, the Chicago Seven trooped off to begin serving their sentences for contempt of court and, in the case of five, for crossing state lines to incite riot. Now begins the long, tortuous process of appeal—a process, for all the enthusiasm the revolutionary Left will try to whip up, that will quickly bore the fickle public to death (*cf*, the Boston Five). The final hours of the trial were undramatic: The jurors (at least three of whom clearly had no idea of the function of a jury) reached a nice, tidy compromise; Judge Hoffman imposed maximum sentences to the surprise of no one; the five convicted defendants made curtain speeches full of revolutionary rhetoric.

Already the soft Left has trotted out its line: Yes, the defense was disruptive and nasty, but by his summary contempt sentences and the long sentences for inciting riot, Judge Hoffman has "made martyrs" of them. For a while, perhaps—but there is nothing more passé than last year's martyr. And the long sentences were surely proper. On the evidence of their statements after sentencing, none of the defendants regrets a thing; each remains committed to what Dellinger called "the second American revolution." "We are going to turn the sons and daughters of the ruling class of this country into Vietcong," said Rennie Davis by way of farewell. Tom Hayden predicted a different verdict from "the jury in the streets"—which, sure enough, went on window-smashing binges in New York, Washington, Berkeley, Seattle and elsewhere.

Alas, goes the liberal line, terrible things—disruptions by the defendants, repression by the judge—are bound to happen in "political" trials. John Lindsay said it best: "When a trial becomes fundamentally an examination of political acts and beliefs, then guilt or innocence becomes almost irrelevant." But the Chicago trial was political, of course, only if one accepts the Maoist doctrine that "All political power flows from the barrel of a gun."

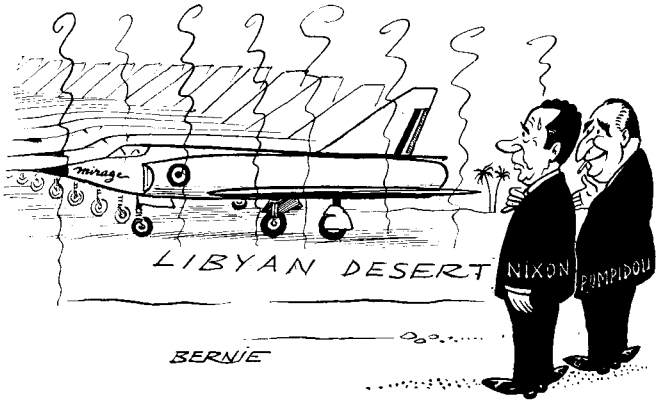
The revolution of which the defendants are leaders does not rely on orderly political activity; its methods are confrontation, riot, terror in the streets—and deliberate perversion of the judicial process upon which society is based.

All things considered, the revolution may have lost more than it gained. Several of its leaders are on ice for the foreseeable future. More important, the American public has been given an unattractive taste of revolutionary tactics, which somehow seem much more offensive in a courtroom than in the streets. Once again we have muddled through—but we are no closer to a satisfactory solution to the problem of how to cope with the revolution's unprecedented threat to the judicial system.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I couldn't suppress a smile upon recalling the day of our meeting. When I entered your offices I spoke to the switchboard operator to ascertain the location of your office. She then called Miss Bronson to verify my appointment. Upon learning that you were tied up on the telephone she asked me to sit down for a few minutes. When I did so she was completely obscured by the switchboard upon which she was frantically taking calls. Every five seconds or so she would say: "Mr. Buckley



"My dear Mr. Nixon, it's really just a mirage."

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will be with you in a moment." To which I would dutifully reply with some inanity. It took me about ten repetitions to finally realize: No, idiot she's *not* talking to *you*, but rather to the dozen or so people trying to reach Mr. Buckley. Thank God she didn't hear me or she surely would have thought me a psychiatric case in which you had taken an interest.

I look forward to hearing from Yale and Princeton as they are the only colleges to which I've applied that haven't interviewed me.

Sometimes these interviews can call for great intestinal fortitude and courage. I recall having gone to Columbia about a month ago only to be greeted at the door of the admissions office by 25 or so black militants who were in the process of seizing it. One character was standing in the vestibule with a bull-horn haranguing the assemblage about Columbia's perfidy vis-à-vis black students. I overheard him say: "The only reason Columbia has blacks is to win the football games for them."

I remarked that if that were true then Columbia would be lily-white since the football team hadn't been doing that well of late; no one thought me particularly humorous. There then followed a dissertation on the advisability of making it physically unsafe for Caucasians to roam Columbia, at which point I went inside for my interview. The interviewer motioned me to my seat and asked me what most impressed me about Columbia. "Its similarity to a combat zone," I answered. He found my rejoinder somewhat inscrutable and asked that I explain myself. I replied that: "Well, within the past five minutes I was just accused of being a white racist (which I most assuredly am not) and had my life indirectly threatened by about 25 black militants who are, by the way, in the process of seizing your office!"

"Don't you think that these demonstrations have an educational value?" he asked me. I didn't know whether to laugh or withdraw my application. Instead I said to him:

"It's not the sort of education for which I'd pay $5,000.00 a year. It's sort of like asking a passenger on the *Titanic* to assess the educational value of his ticket." I got the distinct impression that the interviewer wasn't too fond of me.

My other interviews have, happily, been somewhat more peaceful.

Sorry to be so long-winded but when I start it's hard to stop. I'll write you again when I find out how this whole thing comes out (probably around April 15).

Sincerely yours,
Ed Vazguez

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Knowing your fondness for [Nobel-winner] George Wald, I offer the following quote from the *Harvard Crimson* of Jan. 15, 1970, for your Ku Klux Klan at Harvard Dept.

"I have black students in my course. I don't think they are working at it. But that isn't because they are copping out. Still less is it that they lack talent. It's that they are too busy working on *their* things rather than *our* things."

That is one paragraph, not out of context but quite separate, from George Wald's letter defending black students' actions.

The point is that Wald teaches NatSci/17 . . . a course in elementary biology. Does he really mean that *their* thing (the blacks) and *our* thing (presumably whites) are different? If so, then is he announcing the great discovery that black people are biologically different from white people . . . that what is needed is a black biology department?

Does that mean Bilbo was really a liberal?

Cordially,
Larry May

■ Office of the Vice President
November 29, 1969

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your column this week was much appreciated, as have been those in the past.

There is, however, one problem reflected in it that concerns me as the Vice President's press secretary and a person who tries to overcome the very false, but still prevailing, image of him as the master of the malaprop. He keeps getting misinterpreted, even when it seems it will be impossible.

Your column offers a good example. Referring to the Harrisburg speech, you say his use of the term "ideological eunuchs" was "hilariously inappropriate . . . spectacularly maladroit" because it was applied to demonstrators.

It was *not* applied to demonstrators. It was applied specifically, clearly and unmistakably to politicians. Thus: "These are the *politicians* who temporize with the truth by playing both sides to their own advantage. . . . They are ideological eunuchs, whose most comfortable position is straddling the philosophical fence, *soliciting votes* from both sides."

They *couldn't* demonstrate and still fit his definition of an ideological eunuch since they would have clearly chosen sides.

The same thing has happened throughout this series of rather blunt, hard-hitting speeches on the anti-Administration peace demonstrations. The "abrasive" terms that he has used to apply to the hard core leadership of these demonstrations, and their supporters in the Congress, have inevitably been turned around to apply to the demonstrators themselves.

Sincerely,
Herbert L. Thompson
Press Secretary to
The Vice President

The quotation from my column was lifted from the press story. Apologies, on behalf of both of us. —**WFB**

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JAMES BURNHAM

THE CASE OF THE MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

On February 9 the trial of five Warsaw University graduate students began at Warsaw's Palace of Justice. The accused: Maciez Kozlowski, an archeologist; Jakub Karpinski, son of a well-known architect; Christophe Szymbuski, a teaching assistant in physics; Maria Szpakowska, studying for a doctorate in philosophy, and Maria Tworkowska. These five were among fifty students and young teachers arrested last summer. A few—notably, the son of the head of the official Polish writers' organization—have been released. It is expected that the others will be brought to trial in batches, though perhaps without public sessions. Attendance at this first trial is restricted to those directly involved, a few representatives of the official press, and a single Western reporter, Bernard Margueritte, Warsaw correspondent of Agence France Press, the official French news agency.

At 5 A.M. January 27, the Czech secret police arrested the young Czech journalist, Jiri Lederer, an admirer of Alexander Dubcek, who wrote for the suppressed magazine, *Literarni Listy*, chief organ of Czechoslovakia's brief and poignant "Spring." Two other young Czech writers were picked up the same day. The Czech press has linked these arrests to the Warsaw trial, finding significance in the fact that Lederer was *Literarni Listy*'s Warsaw correspondent in April 1968.

The Warsaw defendants are accused of "hostile and harmful activity against Poland," and of having committed "not only in Poland . . . a series of crimes against the good name and the interests of Poland and of socialism." They are also declared to be agents of "the center of the reactionary thinking of Polish émigrés," *Institut Littéraire*, headed by Jerzy Giedroyc, and its magazine, *Kultura*, "financed by Radio Free Europe and CIA." Thus directed (the charge further reads) they attempted to set up an espionage network, carried out "work of diversion," spied for *Kultura* and distributed *Kultura* literature. The indictment adds that *Kultura* is in active collusion with international Zionism and Israel; both the Polish and the Czech newspapers stress this theme—"the roots of this case stretch all the way to Tel Aviv."

Stalinist Revival

This trial (or series of trials), with the "espionage networks" and "diversion" supported by intelligence agencies of foreign powers, etc., revives the pattern of Stalin's day—though the villainous imperialist power was then usually Britain, France, Germany or Japan. (It is not without interest that today, in spite of Mr. Nixon's blandishments, it is the U.S.) The strategic purposes are plain: to crush what remains of the spirit that blossomed in the 1968 Czech Spring and was felt throughout Eastern Europe, especially in Poland; and, in passing, to bolster the current anti-Israel, antisemitic campaign. But in addition the trial has the tactical aim of combatting, if possible destroying, the influence of *Kultura* among the youth and intellectuals of Eastern Europe. The Polish government's anxiety to eliminate *Kultura* is so intense, indeed, that during the "exchange of views" between France and Poland that took place in Warsaw Feb. 2-3, the Poles demanded that the French government "restrict" *Kultura*, which is published from Maisons-Laffitte, a Paris suburb.

Veteran readers of this column will recall the *Institut Littéraire*, which through the magazine, *Kultura*, and scores of books has for 22 years been the free publishing house of and for East Europeans. Not a few readers have, in fact, helped to make possible the *Institut*'s continuing activities, whose success the Polish government now confirms so patently.

Though the pattern of the trial is Stalinist, and expressive of the Stalinist spirit that has swelled throughout Eastern Europe during the past year and a half, the defendants no longer play the role assigned to them in the typical Stalinist scenario. Though scornfully dismissing the vulgar frameup lies about "diversion," "espionage," CIA money, etc., they gladly and proudly affirm most of the specific acts listed in the indictment. Many of those arrested belonged to the university mountaineering club (whence the popular designation, "The Trial of the Mountain Climbers"). Kozlowski and several of the others have testified how in 1968 and 1969 they crossed the Tatra mountains between Poland and Czechoslovakia so that Poles could have true accounts—there being only lies in the official press—of the Czech Spring and then the invasion, and Czechs know of the support of the Polish students. They collected the documents concerning the events in both countries and transmitted them to *Kultura*. *Kultura* was thereby enabled to publish the record, and to distribute it, in part with the help of the arrested students, in both countries. Kozlowski recalled with particular pride how he had crossed the Tatras in January 1969 to take part in the funeral procession in Prague for Jan Palach, and how he placed on the coffin a wreath of flowers in the name of the students of Poland.

Hear No Evil

The Case of the Mountain Climbers is a symptom of prime importance in estimating the current situation and trends within Eastern Europe. Recognizing this, the chief newspapers of both Eastern and Western Europe have been giving it prominent and daily coverage. I have before me as I write, cuttings or photostats of Polish, Czech, Russian, Italian, French, British and German newspaper accounts. So far as I can discover, however, this is the first account of this case in the American press. Perhaps it is felt to be too much out of phase with the negotiation-not-confrontation attitude that Mr. Nixon and his opponents now compete in displaying. (While correcting proofs, I note a brief report in the *Washington Post* that the five have been convicted and sentenced to prison.) □

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KREMLINOLOGY

The USSR has achieved a state of political stability undreamed of in the past, Mr. Szamuely believes. And the West had best stop hoping for miracles in its dealings with the new Czars. It has been a generation since Stalin's death

Are Things Really Improving in the USSR?

TIBOR SZAMUELY

MICHEL TATU, the distinguished French expert on Soviet affairs, ended his recently published *Power in the Kremlin* with a cautious prediction concerning the future political development of the USSR: either there will be "a return to undisputed one-man rule" or "the collective will have to be broadened and eventually accept true democratization." As an experienced observer of the Soviet scene M. Tatu is well aware of the pitfalls surrounding the prophet, yet his final conclusion is unequivocal: "Whichever the solution—totalitarianism under one-man rule, or an extended parliamentary system—major transformations will have to take place."

Most commentators tend, on the whole, to agree with this conclusion. Certain variations on the theme are sometimes introduced, such as the possibility of a Bonapartist military dictatorship taking over from the party. Nor should one overlook the occasional forecast of a complete collapse of the Soviet system—predicted, in at least one instance, with great precision for 1970.

Of course, all these prophecies, including even the last one, are not outside the realm of possibility. One of the beauties of studying Soviet politics is the knowledge that almost anything can happen. Yet I would rather think that, on balance, the most likely prospect for the USSR within the foreseeable future —discounting cataclysms like atomic war—is a continuation of more or less the same system ("bureaucratic equilibrium," as Trotsky would have called it) that has evolved in the last ten to twelve years, and with the unpleasant reality of which we are faced today.

The conviction that the system will *have* to change, that it is *bound* to undergo major transformations, stems from a variety of sources. One of these is the belief—deeply ingrained in the Western mentality—in the inevitability of constant change, of permanent movement: the belief in progress, in short. Another factor is our perfectly understandable reluctance to accept the awful prospect of living with a faceless, impersonal and brutal totalitarian system for as far into the future as we can see.

Finally, one must take into account the difficulty—human nature being what it is—of appreciating and assimilating a genuinely new concept which overturns hallowed traditional certitudes: In this case, the idea that totalitarianism, a revolutionary form of government invented in the twentieth century, may have become as stable and as lasting a political system as democracy, absolutism, autocracy, oriental despotism, theocracy or any other long-lived type of government, past or present.

The transitional nature of the present political system of the USSR is taken for granted. "Collective leadership" cannot be sustained for long; monopolistic party control over every sphere of life conflicts with the requirements of a rapidly expanding technological society; the primitive Soviet version of Marxist-Leninist ideology has no attractions for a highly literate population; the inexorable quest for greater efficiency and material comfort cannot be successful without the growth of democracy; the USSR must evolve a more rational method of decision-making if it is to remain a super-power and the leader of a worldwide political movement; the technocrats will demand an increasing part in public affairs; the young generation—just as in the West—is becoming ever more alienated from the regime and its official ideology.

All perfectly sound, commonsensical, rational propositions. Indeed, "rational" is the key word. The Soviet regime, we are told, must become, will become, is becoming or has already become "more rational." Maybe this is so. But are we not being rather presumptuous? For we are assuming as self-evident that to be "rational" is to conform to what we in the West regard as standards of rationality. Yet people brought up within a totally different conceptual framework might well regard our "rationality" as the height of unreason. After all, Marxists (even many non-Communist ones) see capitalism as an utterly irrational system, in contrast with the socialism of the USSR, which, for all its shortcomings, is at least firmly based upon principles of rationality. So why should we

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expect them to move in a direction which we, but not they, happen to regard as "rational"?

Or take that other hopeful catchword: "pragmatism." Soviet leaders have now become "pragmatic"; Khrushchev was pragmatic, Kosygin is even more pragmatic. The magic word seems to serve as an antonym for "brutal" or "bloodstained." But there can be little doubt that the most "pragmatic" of Soviet leaders was Josef Stalin. Compared to him Khrushchev and Kosygin act like pedantic doctrinaires. So where does this get us?

Stalinism and Totalitarianism

Many of the reasons adduced to prove the inevitability of drastic change in the Soviet Union (some of which I have quoted above) sound wholly convincing. Applied to familiar, "rational" systems similar to our own they would be unassailable. But if we apply them to a completely different society such as that of the USSR we might at least attempt to discover whether they fit into the actual reality of that extremely peculiar (to us) system.

I fear that not all students of Soviet affairs make this effort: Too much is taken for granted, too many inconvenient facts are impatiently brushed aside as ideological irrelevancies or cold war artifacts. Which is why we are constantly being taken aback by events that would have been perfectly comprehensible had we tried to view them within the framework of Soviet reality —or Soviet "rationality."

Before proceeding any further I should like to make it clear that all my remarks refer to the Soviet Union, and the Soviet Union alone. It is a gross error to speak of the "Communist world" or the "Communist countries" as something which is much of a muchness, lumping the USSR together with the East European satellites into a single category *sub specie aeternitatis*. This practice serves only to confuse the issues still further. In reality there is only one Communist country: the USSR (China is an entirely separate case, and is by now generally accepted as such). For good or bad, Communism came to power and evolved in Russia of its own volition, engendered by Russian problems and shaped by Russian forces. There it is a *national* system. Everywhere in Eastern Europe it is an artificial system—unnatural, anti-national, upheld solely by foreign arms. Had Communism not been imposed by a conquering power it might have become viable—as may be the case in Yugoslavia and Albania (though it is too early yet for an entirely confident judgment even there). As it is, the East European countries remain simply colonies of the USSR; after 25 years Communism has not put down any roots, and the likelihood of this ever happening is exceedingly remote.

To return to the USSR. It is a chastening thought, but the post-Stalin era now comprises nearly one-third of the whole period of Soviet history. This enables us to take a more detached view of the Age of Stalin, and also to see the post-Stalin era itself in perspective. How has the USSR changed in the sixteen years since Stalin's death? And what deductions concerning Russia's future development can be drawn from this experience?

The system created by Stalin during his 25-year dictatorship is commonly known as "Stalinism," or one of the varieties of the general phenomenon of totalitarianism. The concept of "totalitarianism" has been of great service to the social scientist—yet not infrequently its indiscriminate use has blurred the profound distinctions between Soviet Communism and the rest.

A comparative analysis of totalitarian systems reveals far greater differences between them than would, say, a similar study of parliamentary democracies. "Totalitarianism" is not just equivalent to "bestiality," and Hitler's system was never really totalitarian in the sense that Stalin's was—to say nothing of the puny efforts of Mussolini, Franco, Salazar, Nkrumah, Sukarno, Nasser et al. The Soviet regime is *sui generis*; it is a dictatorship—but not, like the others, a dictatorship built up around the personality of one charismatic leader.

The popular notion of the instability of dictatorship does not apply to the USSR; nor, most emphatically, does the theory that "every true totalitarianism is a one-man system" (R. Tucker). The Soviet Union is certainly a "true totalitarianism"—the only true one, in fact—yet it has had three periods of (more or less) one-man rule, and three periods of (more or less) "collective leadership." Unlike any other modern dictatorship it has surmounted innumerable internal and external crises unscathed; what is even more extraordinary, it has survived the deaths both of its founder and of the man who gave it its final, definitive shape. It is in a class of its own.

"Stalinism" does not mean the system of Stalin's personal dictatorship: It means the social, political and economic structure created by Stalin in the course of a total revolution, of a total transformation of society on a scale unknown to history. Using the instruments inherited from Lenin, Stalin forged a new society and a new polity capable of outliving its creator. And this it has done.

The question of "neo-Stalinism" or a "restoration of Stalinism," so anxiously debated in the West during the last year, is really irrelevant. There is nothing to restore. Stalinism was never dismantled. Since 1953 the Soviet Union has always been a Stalinist state, and even Khrushchev, for all his power (and, I believe, sincerity) was unable to escape from the Stalinist straitjacket. In the end it throttled him. To destroy Stalinism would mean to destroy the Soviet regime, and that would require a revolution on the scale of 1917.

Obviously, when one speaks of the USSR as a Stalinist state one does not mean a state run by a Stalin; Stalin is dead, and it is hardly likely that a second Stalin will appear in the near future—fortunately, men like him come only rarely. Nor is there any need for one: The job has been done, and done extremely thoroughly.

Amid Turbulence . . .

"A Stalinist state" means, quite simply, a state built by Stalin and run in accordance with Stalin's principles, in Stalin's spirit, using the techniques and methods of rule perfected, if not devised, by Stalin. It would be foolish to deny that manifest changes have taken place since 1953—but they must be seen for what they are, not for what one fondly imagines them to have been.

Take "de-Stalinization." The term itself is a dangerous misnomer. Its obvious analogy is "de-Nazification"; that is what many people compare it with. Nothing could be further from the truth. De-Nazification was instituted in Germany by the victorious allies *after* the whole political and social structure of Nazism had been irrevocably destroyed. Its object was the detection and punishment of all active Nazis and the extirpation from public life, *by force*, of

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every vestigial remnant of Nazism. Can this process really be likened to Khrushchev's "de-Stalinization"?

Sixteen years after Stalin's death, after all the erratic zigzags of "de-Stalinization" and "re-Stalinization," after a whole generation has reached adulthood without ever having known Stalin's rule, the USSR remains unchanged in every *essential* feature, from the state wrought by Stalin in his own harsh image. The Soviet Union as we know it today was created in the decade 1929-1939, probably the most horror-packed ten years in modern history. It has changed less since 1939 than any other country in the world. Great events have transformed the shape of the globe; empires, federations, regimes, constitutions, leaders have come and gone; even such stable societies as those of Britain and the United States are altered beyond recognition. The USSR remains alone, like some gigantic rock amid the turbulent seas, defying change, impervious to innovation.

One Valid Achievement

The political, social and economic structure of Stalin's Russia has hardly altered since it emerged from the storms of the 1930s. Its institutions are intact, its ideas firmly fixed. A few landmarks have gone: The Machine-Tractor Stations, for instance, have been dissolved. What else has changed? Khrushchev's not entirely hare-brained attempts to reform the economic structure, the party apparatus, the educational system etc. have all been revoked —any tinkering with Stalin's monolithic edifice, it was soon realized, could only lead to trouble. The idea of a new Constitution was dropped (not that one could really draw up a more democratic Constitution than the 1936 model). Some legislation has been brought up to date—but it remains Stalinist legislation. The new Model Collective Farm Statute, the new Family Law, the new Penal Code—all are pathetic in their inability to introduce the slightest significant change after 35 or forty years. Some formulations have been made more precise, but generally speaking they are, if anything, a shade more rigid than their predecessors. As for the famous "economic reform" and the sainted Liberman: One does not hear much about them nowadays, even from their most fervent boosters.

All the basic tenets of Stalinist ideology remain in full force: The retention of the State until the construction of "full Communism" and even beyond; the intensification of the class struggle; the principles of *partiinost'*, *ideinost'* and *narodnost'*; the dogmas of "socialist realism" and of culture "national in form and socialist in content"; the successful construction of socialism in one country; the wickedness of egalitarianism etc. Nothing has been retracted—the great "ideological innovations" of the Twentieth Congress regarding the non-inevitability of war and the peaceful transition to socialism have proved an elaborate hoax. As for "independent roads to socialism," seized upon in the West as earnest of a genuine change of heart: First Hungary and now Czechoslovakia have demonstrated the true worth of this doctrinal innovation. It has now been superseded by the newer concept of "limited sovereignty," which goes even beyond anything thought up, or at least formulated in so many words, by Stalin himself.

Needless to say, Stalin's *policies*, with two exceptions, have all been consecrated by his successors as basic (which no doubt they were) to the construction of the socialist order: The defense of the Leninist line against its Trotskyite and other "enemies," the forced collectivization of agriculture, the liquidation of the kulaks, the Soviet-Nazi Pact, the territorial aggrandizement of 1939-45, the establishment of the "People's Democracies," and so on.

Only two aspects of Stalin's policies have been condemned and partially rescinded. One is the wholesale deportation of several nationalities during the War. The remnants of these unfortunate groups—but not of the Crimean Tartars and Volga Germans—have now been "rehabilitated" and allowed to go home; their "autonomies" have been restored. But by far the most important "retreat" from Stalin has been the denunciation of his indiscriminate terror, the rehabilitation of most of his victims, the liberation of millions of concentration camp inmates. True, in the last few years the flood of gory revelations has been firmly checked; true, also, that only good Communists—in fact, only good Stalinists—have been publicly rehabilitated as "victims of the personality cult"; anti-Communists, anti-Stalinists and even plain non-Communists still remain in the nether darkness. Yet the immense practical significance of the mass releases and rehabilitations should on no account be underestimated. Millions of people were returned to life, millions of "relatives of enemies of the people" became equal members of society again—for what that was worth. No other conceivable measure of any post-Stalin government could have brought greater happiness to a greater number. It is, in the final analysis, the one genuine and valid achievement of "de-Stalinization."

'Almost As Good!'

If once this simple fact is realized, then we begin to approach an understanding of what has actually changed in the USSR since Stalin. Certainly *not* the emergence of competing "power groups" or "power structures" (these were, if anything, in greater evidence under Stalin), or the "shift in power from the party to the state apparatus" (again, the state aparatus was more influential under Stalin than after 1953), or the "de-ideologization of society" (of this more later), or the "consumer revoultion" (the consumer has no more say in the economy now than at any previous time), or—most emphatically—a gradual introduction of freedom of speech, press, literature and of criticism in general. What *has* changed is the ending of indiscriminate, arbitrary, capricious terror on a mass scale.

Terror unlimited by law (since laws are changed at will) still remains a prime weapon of the Soviet regime, but its *practical application* is now limited to actual enemies of the government—or, rather, to people who have committed acts indicating their hostility. To be sure, the Soviet definition of subversion is very different from ours—no nontotalitarian government would treat Andrei Sinyavsky or Pavel Litvinov or Vyacheslav Chornovil as criminal offenders—yet the fact remains that all the victims of political trials since 1953 had effectively committed *acts* classified as hostile by the Communist regime.

In other words, the striking difference between the present-day USSR and Stalin's Russia is that today if one keeps one's nose clean and one's mouth shut and does nothing, then one is guaranteed (barring a genuine misunderstanding) not to go to jail—whereas under Stalin millions of people were sent to slave labor camps literally for "doing nothing" (*ni za chto*).

This may not seem much to the Western reader, especially after the

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highly colored descriptions of a "liberalized," almost democratic, Russia upon which he has been fed over the past years—but it means a great deal indeed to the ordinary Russian. Moreover, to achieve this blissful security he does not even have to denounce others: Although regarded as a desirable quality, this is no longer *de rigueur*. Or, as the famous nonagenarian actress Yablochkina is said to have exclaimed soon after the Twentieth Congress: "Things are almost as good as they were before the revolution!"

'Era of Transition'

Apart from the elimination of sheer arbitrariness, there has been a distinct improvement in living standards. This improvement has been nowhere nearly as great as that constantly forecast by starry-eyed true believers like the late Isaac Deutscher, who ten years ago predicted that by today the USSR would have surpassed West European living standards. Nor should one be taken in by the breathless accounts of with-it tourists and fellow traveling journalists. In actual fact the gap between living standards in Russia and in the advanced industrial countries is today almost certainly greater than in Czarist times.

Nevertheless, life *has* become perceptibly easier and less uncomfortable for the ordinary Soviet citizen. Food is still scarce and expensive, consumer goods still shoddy and hard to obtain, service still appalling—but there is a bit more of everything for everyone. The most tangible improvement is in the field of housing: after 25 years of practically no housing construction and of squalor beyond the imagination of a Charles Booth or a Frederick Engels, it has now become possible—with luck—for families to move into tiny tenement flats of their own, with separate bathroom and kitchen. Once again—how little this may mean to the Western reader, yet what fantastic luxury it represents for the wretched life-long inhabitants of Soviet "communal flats."

To sum up: The end of arbitary, lunatic mass terror, the release of millions of innocent prisoners and the posthumous rehabilitation of other millions of dead victims of the system, on the one hand, and the over-all improvement in living standards, on the other, are the genuine positive achievements of the post-1953 era. They have contributed in no small measure to the stabilization and institutionalization of the regime bequeathed by Stalin to his successors.

For there can be little doubt that the basic stability of the regime is today greater than at any time under Stalin. It has, in a sense, finally come into its

own: The Bolshevik revolution has reached fruition. Often in the post-Stalin years one heard the state of affairs in the USSR described as a "transitional stage." Quite conceivably we may have had it all wrong: The future might show that it had been Stalin's dictatorship that was the "era of transition" from the early post-revolutionary chaos to the full flowering of the ordered totalitarian society that now exists in Russia.

The West, largely under the influence of the violent changes effected by Stalin (and in a much less violent or successful way, by Khrushchev), has learned to think of Russia as a country in a state of constant evolution, a society in a state of permanent flux. The relative tranquility, not to say *immobilisme*, of the last five years is often seen as a temporary aberration. Oddly enough, these views are shared by Western observers from the Left and the Right alike. The first refuse to accept the final extinction of the revolutionary "socialist" dynamism, the second continue to hope for an evolution toward liberation and rationality. Both may well be mistaken. There is, when we come down to it, no real reason—apart from wishful thinking—to doubt that the Soviet regime can go on existing indefinitely in its present form.

As Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski pointed out recently, Russia has evolved a self-sustaining political system in which elite direction from above is met by orthodox mass support from below. I might add that this is an ingenious, elaborate and highly sophisticated system, based upon an inbuilt mechanism of self-conservation and self-preservation. Yet the Western mind, even when it agrees with some definition similar to the above, finds it difficult to accept the stability of the system and the permanency of its institutions.

The Unwritten Constitution

The reason for this is, once again, a perfectly understandable inability to break out of the accustomed conceptual framework of our own civilization. It might help if we would try to view the USSR, so to speak, "through the looking-glass." In the USSR viewed through the looking-glass one finds symmetrical counterparts of many of our own institutions—distorted beyond recognition, no doubt, yet nevertheless functioning perfectly in their own peculiar fashion.

We believe, for example, that social and political stability can exist only under a government of laws and not men. But the Soviet Union *is* governed by laws—the laws of ideology, not jurisprudence—yet laws, nonetheless, founded, like our own, upon certain basic principles, and adaptable, also like ours, to changing circumstances. Or take constitutionalism. The Stalin Constitution, of course, is a meaningless scrap of paper, but the USSR *does* have a genuine constitution—unwritten, or rather, unpublicized, yet perfectly well understood and recognized by all concerned. This real constitution contains the actual rules of Soviet political life: the rules of party management of the country, of cadre selection or *nomenklatura* and of censorship, of the organization of elections and of the passport system, of "double-think" and "thought-crime" (to use the Orwellian shorthand). Every intelligent Soviet citizen is familiar with these rules and acts in accordance with them.

The important thing about these "constitutional laws" is not that they are unpublished but that they exist and are strictly adhered to, by government and

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subjects alike. The stability they provide may be very different from ours—but it is, nonetheless, stability.

Probably the single most important factor that has impaired our understanding of the essential stability of the Soviet system has been the theory of "the permanent purge." To say that Soviet Russia has been the land of unparalleled mass purges and show trials is to state the glaringly obvious. We all know that six of the seven members of the post-Lenin Politburo were liquidated, that three-quarters of the Central Committee elected in 1934 were shot, that only 2 per cent of the delegates to the Seventeenth Congress were present at the Eighteenth and so on. Nothing like this had ever happened before, in any country, under any regime. But the sense of shock and revulsion aroused by these truly horrifying events has tended to blind us to the astonishing (and perhaps also unparalleled) degree of continuity that has existed in the top Soviet leadership over the past fifty years. Since 1917 the USSR has had seven heads of state: four of them are still alive—and all members of the Central Committee (a fifth, Voroshilov, died last December). Over the same period the United States has had ten Presidents, of whom three are alive.

Personal Security

There have been only eight prime ministers of the USSR, five of whom are still alive (Britain has had eleven prime ministers, four of whom are alive today); seven foreign ministers (against nineteen in Britain and fourteen in the United States), of whom three are alive; ten ministers of defense (against 23 secretaries for war or defense in the United Kingdom and twenty in the United States), of whom six are still alive.

Obviously, the turnover (not to mention the mortality rate) has been higher for the heads of the secret police. Yet even here the picture is less black than one might think. Of the twelve occupiers of the hot seat, the first two died of natural causes (if we accept Menzhinsky's death as a natural one), the next five were shot, and the last five are still alive, to the best of our knowledge, with two even sitting on the Politburo.

The most striking case of continuity is that of the top job itself, the General Secretary (or First Secretary) of the CC (Central Committee): In the 47 years since its establishment it has been occupied by only three men. Whatever else these facts may indicate, they are certainly proof of a basic stability of top Soviet cadres going back to the revolution.

Since 1938-39 the Soviet Union has created a layer of top "civil servants," or ministers, whose longevity in office defies comparison with any other country. A few examples will suffice. Vasily Zotov has just retired after *32 years* as Minister of Food Industry. Close on his heels come Pyotr Lomako and Alexander Ishkov, Ministers respectively of Non-Ferrous Metallurgy and Fisheries since 1940. Dmitry Ustinov, today a Secretary of the CC, has been overlord of the defense industry (a most sensitive post), under one title or another, since 1941. Boris Beshchev was appointed Minister of Transport in 1948, after four years as deputy minister. The list could be easily prolonged.

The same applies to the Soviet foreign service. How many twentieth-century diplomats have had as good a run for their money as—to mention but two—Andrei Gromyko, first appointed ambassador in 1943, or Valerian Zorin, an ambassador since 1945?

In short, I believe one is fully justified in speaking of an incredible degree of stability in the top governmental offices of the USSR. Purges come and go, rulers die or are deposed, reforms and counter-reforms are carried out—the same men remain in the same top jobs. Even the British Civil Service seems ephemeral by comparison.

But, it can be argued, these men, for all their eminence, are really glorified administrators. Far more powerful are the great territorial satraps, the *obkom* (district) and *kraikom* (regional) secretaries. And it is in these posts that upheavals and changes have been most frequent. Yet a closer examination of the facts shows that today there is a considerable security of tenure at this exalted level as well. If we take the 76 first secretaries of the *obkoms* and *kraikoms* of the RSFSR (the administration units of the National Republics being less important) we find that they have occupied their present posts for an average of seven years. Forty-six of them, or nearly two-thirds, were appointed to their posts under Khrushchev (32 before the 22nd Congress of 1961), and one amazing character has been running Tuva since 1944. In the light of these figures it is impossible to speak of the continuing instability and insecurity of leading cadres. On the contrary—and this is a factor of the utmost significance—the Soviet elite has finally achieved the personal security it so sorely lacked under Stalin. Hence its vastly increased political weight.

The main argument usually advanced as evidence of the instability of Soviet government has nothing to do with the elite as such, but concerns the absence of an ordered system of succession at the very top. This is undeniable: There are no provisions for the orderly transfer of power in either the written or unwritten "constitutions." Yet the developments of recent years have to a considerable degree vitiated the force of this argument.

The Collective Leadership

Khrushchev's accession, however turbulent, was very different from Stalin's. Nor did he exercise anything like the power wielded by his fearsome predecessor. By now it has been fairly well established that even this limited power steadily dimished from 1960 onwards. Khrushchev's overthrow—though in no sense "constitutional," and certainly not indicative of any "democratization" of the regime, as many Western optimists earnestly announced at the time—was executed in a perfectly orderly fashion. It was confined solely to the First Secretary and his personal entourage, and carried no repercussions or purges in its wake. Indeed, it resembled the mysterious processes by which the British Conservative Party gets rid of its failed leaders, far more than it resembled the bloodstained Byzantine intrigues customarily associated with Kremlin power struggles. It was, one might say, a system of adulthood, of confidence and of stability.

The collective leadership has now been in power for well over five years—yet it is still generally accepted in the West that it cannot survive for long, that it will either be superseded by a single dictator or else inevitably evolve toward a form of parliamentary democracy. While not excluding either possibility, it is legitimate to ask: Why should this be so? What real reasons do we have to doubt the staying power of the collective leadership?

Basically it boils down to an argument by analogy: Two collective leaderships have broken up in the past, therefore no third can ever survive. This will

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hardly do. Discussing the post-Khrushchev regime in terms of the post-Stalin triumvirate (or, come to that, of the post-Lenin one either) makes no more sense than discussing the period of Khrushchev's supremacy in terms of Stalin's dictatorship. In neither case are the situations comparable.

There is no historical inevitability about the breakup of a collective leadership in the USSR. One can hardly speak of an identity of views among the members of, say, the British cabinet—yet it has governed the country, for good or ill, for exactly the same period of time as the Brezhnev group. If there were no constitutional requirement of quinquennial general elections I suppose it could go on governing forever and ever. (An important difference here is that Mr. Wilson possesses more personal power vis-à-vis his colleagues, in terms of promotions, dismissals and demotions, than Mr. Brezhnev has over his —which is why the composition of the British cabinet has changed much more than that of the Politburo over the same length of time.)

Plekhanov's Prophecy . . .

Another popular argument against collective leadership (which I have myself used in the past) is that a great country and a complex industrial society simply cannot be run in that way. It can't work. And yet the system has worked and is visibly working.

True, they are a rather inferior lot of third-rate men—but, to quote the immortal words of Count Oxtenstierna, "*An nescis quantilla prudentia regitur orbis?*" They have not been an activist government (perhaps a source of strength), but when they have had to take a tough decision, as over Czechoslovakia, they have been as ruthless and as unyielding as any previous Soviet government. And they have weathered the storm intact.

"Weathering the storm," in a broader sense, is a key phrase when explaining the Soviet system's ability to survive and to resist change. Over its fifty years of existence the regime has undergone every conceivable, and even inconceivable, test of its stability: The harshest civil war in modern history, followed shortly by forced industrialization, the collectivization of agriculture, a murderous famine and an even more murderous Great Purge—all crammed into ten years.

Then came the war, with devastation on an unheard-of scale. What other Russian regime could have survived the near-total military collapse of 1941? Afterwards—picking up the pieces, rebuilding, new cruelties, new depriva-

tions. And throughout it all the system has stood, practically unchanged. Why should it be dismantled now, when the worst is behind it?

Many people in the West expect "inevitable" change precisely because of the easier conditions of today. It seems a remarkably weak argument. If one looks back at the history of Russia one sees that reforms of the system (as distinct from partial alleviation of certain grievances or shortcomings) have never been undertaken in times of relative peace, success and plenty, but only under the traumatic effects of defeat: whether by Peter the Great, or Alexander II, or after 1905.

Try as one will, one cannot find today in Russia any real signs either of impetus for change, or of forces for change, or of reasons for change, or even of possibilities for change. The factors of stability, of permanence, of changelessness, are deep-rooted in Soviet society. Some of these I have already mentioned. There are other, perhaps even more important ones as well.

The profound innate conservatism of Russia explains a great deal about Soviet society. Speaking in 1904, forty years after the inauguration of the "era of the great reforms," and only a decade before that era was to be overwhelmed by the tidal wave of war, Russia's greatest historian, Vasily Kliuchevsky, made a profound comment on the nature and fate of all attempts at transforming his country:

> Having decided that Russia has now abandoned the old foundations of her life, society has adjusted its historical ideas according. . . . Not so long ago we thought: Why look back, when there is so much to be done, and such a bright future before us? Today we think: What is there to learn from our past, when we have broken all our ties with it, when our life has irrevocably shifted onto new foundations? But a vital point has been overlooked: Lost in admiration for the way in which the Reform has been transmuting the Russian tradition, we have shut our eyes to the way in which the Russian tradition has been transmuting the Reform.

Nor were these forebodings confined to "bourgeois ideologists." In 1906 Plekhanov issued a grave warning against Lenin's plans for nationalization of the land: This "would be an attempt to restore our ancient system, now undermined by the economic development of the second half of the nineteenth century . . . the system under which both the soil and the tiller of the soil were the property of the state, and which was but the Muscovite edition of the economic basis of all the great oriental despotisms."

Lenin—a trifle uneasily—poohpoohed Plekhanov's fears. But years later, during the last agonizing months of his conscious life, he was to return with increasing anxiety to the "damned Russian past," to the centuries-old tradition of bureaucratic inertia, which was taking over the party and reshaping the revolution. Perhaps he had begun to realize—as Plekhanov had foreseen years before—that it was precisely his revolution that was resurrecting a distant past.

. . . And Lenin's Acquiescence

Addressing a Party congress for the last time, Lenin drew his famous parallel between a vanquished nation imposing its culture upon the conqueror, and a defeated ruling class imposing its tradition upon the new rulers. Might it not be the case, he asked, that the Bolsheviks "had been subjugated by an alien culture? True, this might create the impression that the vanquished do possess a high culture. Nothing of the kind: their culture is miserable and

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trivial—but it is still higher than our own. However paltry, however miserable, it is still higher than that of our Communist functionaries." And even in his "Testament" Lenin warned: "Under no circumstances should we forget that the apparatus of state has been taken over by us essentially as it was, from the Czar and the bourgeoisie."

Not only the state tradition, one should add, but the mentality, the social attitudes, the passivity, the staying power, the resistance to change—in short, every negative feature of the traditional Russian-Muscovite system—was taken over and imbued with new life by the Bolsheviks. In the dictatorship of the Communist Party, Russia found a unique instrument for the stabilization and the perpetuation of its tradition.

Communist elitism coalesced with Russian bureaucratic despotism to form modern totalitarianism. The absolute, unlimited and undivided dictatorship of the Party, unchanged through all the vicissitudes of Soviet history, provides the basis for the stability of Soviet society. The Party is the sole source of power and leadership, the sole source of social cohesion, the sole driving force of the nation. Everything is subsumed within the Party.

Totalitarianism and Technology

I cannot accept the widely held notion that the Party more or less ceased to exist in the last twenty years of Stalin's rule and was only revived after 1953. It certainly did not *govern* the country—neither has it done so, in any genuine sense of the word, either before or after Stalin—but even in the Stalin era the Party was the prime instrument of government, the instrument which mobilized the country's energies and channeled them in the direction indicated from above.

Without the Party Stalin's dictatorship would have been impossible: It was through the Party that the leader's will was enforced upon his lowliest subject (the role of the secret police, however crucial, was always subsidiary to that of the Party). In this sense Soviet propaganda is right when it maintains that "the Party continued to live even under the cult of personality."

Since Stalin's death, of course, the importance of the Party, its overwhelming position of power with regard to any other social or political force, has increased immeasurably—and so has its stabilizing influence.

The majority of Western observers believe—hopefully—in an ever deepening contradiction between party supremacy and the demands of a modern industrial society. Party rule, it is thought, stifles the creative development of science and technology, retards the economy, becomes a fatal impediment to progress which will inevitably have to be eliminated.

But the nature of modern totalitarianism is still imperfectly understood, even after so many years. It has a disconcerting tendency to disprove all our most cherished assumptions. The very same *bien pensants* who await an "inevitable" liberalization are also the first to acclaim, and even exaggerate, the Soviets' gigantic achievements in industry, science, technology. Yet all these have been effected under the leadership of the Communist Party.

Granted, the Party has been a conservative force, its ideological shackles have hampered scientific progress, it has stifled controversy and imposed the authority of charlatans like Lysenko. But it was in the worst years of the *Zhdanovshchina* that Russia constructed the A-bomb and made decisive strides in rocketry. The first Russian nuclear test took the West by surprise. So did the Sputnik. Yet we have still failed to draw the obvious conclusion: Freedom of thought and speech is *not* an absolute prerequisite of great scientific achievements. Russia's developments will probably slow down, but the commonly held assumption that she will either have to introduce intellectual and political freedom or condemn herself to stagnation is, I believe, quite unrealistic.

I would reverse the argument. Not only is a totalitarian regime *not* inimical to technical and scientific progress —such a regime is *inconceivable* without the benefits of the most up-to-date technology. A totalitarian regime could not come into being or exist without our century's revolutionary inventions in the fields of transport, communications, armaments and so on. The development of technology does not weaken totalitarianism; it strengthens it.

In 1857 Herzen forecast the coming —in a totally state-dominated Russia— of an unprecedented system "of slavery and brute force upheld by every achievement of science: a Genghis Khan equipped with telegraph, steamships and railways." It has all come to pass.

The same applies to education: A totalitarian system does not fear education for all—it requires it. Totalitarianism is based on literacy. Two basic factors must be borne in mind: 1) A totalitarian system, by definition, possesses the means of controlling and directing the education it gives its subjects; 2) literacy and education are indispensable for indoctrinating the whole population, for achieving that complete politicization of life which is the hallmark of the totalitarian regime.

Conformity in Thought

And ideological conformity is still as much a foundation of the regime as at any previous time—whatever we may believe about the "end of ideology" in the USSR or elsewhere. Ideology supplies the basis for the legal order and for the loyalty of the people. There can be no substitute for ideology.

This simple fact is well understood by every Soviet *apparatchik*. Western observers tend to be surprised and not a little amused when they see important and busy men, rulers of a great country's destinies, spending days and weeks in discussing the fine points of modern art or abstruse questions of literary theory, or drafting outlines of school textbooks. Yet these matters pertain to the very core of Communist government. Ideological erosion has to be prevented from setting in: Hence the interminable ideological plenums, theoretical discussions, reorganizations of political education. The pragmatism of certain Soviet politicians about which one hears so much is invariably placed within the confines of the general ideological framework.

It is fallacious to assume that as a result of "de-Stalinization" the average educated Soviet citizen has lost his faith and freed himself from the bonds of ideology. "Belief" and "disbelief" in the USSR is a complex matter. Probably nobody except a few simpletons believes, or has ever believed, the entire "Marxist-Leninist" canon. It is taken for granted that some things have to be said which are untrue; this knowing acceptance of elements of untruth in itself implies an acceptance of the basic truth. And practically everyone believes *in part*.

Thus, any intelligent Russian will know that his country's standard of living is much lower than in the West:

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he will probably even know that there is more freedom of speech in Britain than in the USSR. But he will almost invariably be convinced that free education, free health care, paid holidays, old-age pensions are unknown under "capitalism."

He knows that his elections are not really free—but he thinks that free elections are not very relevant to "true democracy" anyway. Far more important, he believes, is the opportunity for ordinary workers and peasants to rise to the top—an opportunity which, he is assured, can exist only under Communism. I could go on listing the elements of "real" and "pretended" ideological convictions: The point is that the Soviet mentality has by now been largely shaped in the Marxist-Leninist mould. There is far more conformity in thought than in behavior.

A Credible Alternative?

Ideology has survived and even, in some respects, strengthened its hold over the population because it has succeeded—like the regime itself—in moving with the times, whilst preserving the essential continuity. In recent years, despite Khrushchev's attempts to revive some of the original revolutionary fervor, the nationalist elements have become even stronger; today it is no exaggeration to speak of the USSR as a racist country, with rampant anti-semitism, hysterical fear of the "yellow peril" and undisguised contempt for blacks. (In fairness to Czarist Russia, this pathological racism—with the sole exception of antisemitism—was absent before 1917.)

The new nationalist-racist strain of Soviet ideology has proved far more powerful in its popular appeal than the outdated doctrine of international class-consciousness. Its effectiveness was shown last year, during the Czechoslovak crisis. The West has not yet grasped the full implications of this development; it had better do so.

The all-pervasive nature of Communist ideology is today one of the strongest guarantees of the regime's stability. The recent experience of various disaffected intellectual groups has demonstrated a tragic failure to discover any coherent countervailing philosophy. What have been the ideas put forward in the "underground" publications? A "return to Leninism"; glorification of nineteeth-century Populism; the cult of Chernyshevsky and Serno-Solovyovich; the resurrection of slavophilism. In other words, a return to pristine-pure Bolshevism or to its precursors.

The young rebels find themselves in the cul-de-sac of the legends upon which they were reared. But what else can they suggest? One could hardly expect them to preach the philosophy of *Vekhi*, the famous pre-revolutionary liberal publication, or the advantages of parliamentary democracy, so vehemently denounced by the great Russian "progressive" thinkers to whom they turn for spiritual guidance. They have nowhere to go—the Party has appropriated and defiled every "progressive" and national idea of the past, every tradition, every popular slogan. As a KGB officer recently remarked to Pyotr Yakir, the son of a prominent general executed by Stalin: "You think that you are your father's heir? No—we are his heirs." And he was right.

There simply is no credible alternative to Communist Party rule or to Communist ideology—therefore the regime can take a more lenient attitude (by comparison with Stalin) towards the occasional non conformists. Nor is there any real danger of a popular revolt. Never in Russia's history have the masses subsisted in the state of complete lethargy, of indifference and apathy to which they have sunk today. All they want is a little peace and quiet and a slow improvement in their living conditions. The outlet for their cynicism is brutish drunkenness. They have become Orwell's "proles."

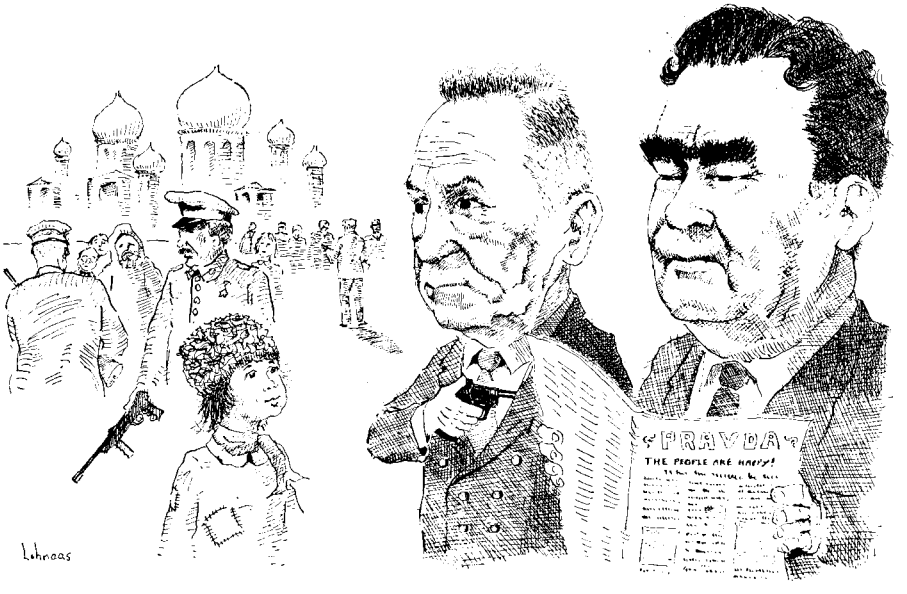
Even if this were ever to change, a successful revolt against Soviet totalitarianism is hardly conceivable. The military and psychological odds are overwhelmingly in favor of the regime. Brezhnev & Co. are a very different breed of men from the soft-hearted old imperialists of London and Paris. They have none of Mayor Daley's concern for human life. If the need were to arise they would use armed force as savagely and as immoderately as Stalin did when he quelled rebellions in the 1930s and 1940s. If a million people had to be killed they would never flinch. And the West would not know about it—or, if it knew, would not care.

Stability: Political and Social

I believe, in short, that the Soviet Union has now achieved a state of political stability undreamed of in the past. There is little need for change, and even less likelihood that any will occur in the foreseeable future. It is idle to pretend otherwise.

Social stability, of course, is another matter. Soviet society is still an insecure formation. None of the basic problems have been solved. Agriculture, inequality, poverty, national oppression: all the old sources of stress remain. Given some quite exceptional circumstances—say, widespread rebellion in Eastern Europe, or four disastrous harvest failures in a row, or an unsuccessful conventional war with China—they might erupt and sweep away the system. The chances of this happening are slight, to put it mildly.

Perhaps, after fifty years of dashed hopes, the time has come for the West to stop expecting miracles. □



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BLACKSHIRTS IN BLUE

Jimmy Breathless Goes to College

JOHN BRENNAN

So we're standing around watching the kids gather and I see this fat cop with a jaw like a side of beef glaring at them. I can tell this cop would be happier if he were a storm trooper. You've all seen his type before, running around saluting the flag, standing at attention when they play the Star Spangled Watzis, worrying about Commies, but not giving one damn about reactionary policies in the universities or how 85,652,190 Americans are starving. We can see some activity in the Administration Building and we're wondering whether the fat cat Dean has decided to capitulate.

The beefy cop turns and grins at us but it isn't a friendly grin, you can tell, maybe not even a grin at all, and I could just tell this cop was just waiting to bust skulls. Pretty soon the kids begin a chant. Now a lot of people later on said they were hollering obscenities, whatever they are, and maybe most of the stuff they were hollering couldn't be printed in this kind of magazine but I had to admire these gutsy children who were expressing their displeasure at this rotten capitalistic system and an oppressive university administration that dickered with the CIA and the FBI. You can see the red spreading up that beefy cop's neck but he's just standing there like some animal pretending he's not even hearing what the boys and girls are calling him and his pig buddies.

Now I can see plain as day that these kids think it is their right to get into the Admin Building because that is where the protest of the youngsters will really become meaningful but the cops don't see it at all and when the kids see the cops aren't going to move they get understandably sore and begin to throw things. I had to laugh to see the stuff bouncing off the cops' helmets and every once in a while one of the cops would get it in such a way that he'd fake a faint and his buddies would drag him off right in front of the TV cameras. But those TV guys are all right, as soon as the cops would drag one of their pals with phony-baloney blood streaming down his head the TV crews would take pictures elsewhere. Give 'em credit. They weren't going to fall for propaganda.

Hey, you woulda been delighted with the wonderful ingenuity of our kids out there fighting for Democracy and the right to sit on someone else's property. They thought up all kinds of tricky science-fiction gadgets like rubber balls with razor blades sticking out. The cops soon learned not to try to catch those little presents, let me tell you.

After a while the kids could see the bully boys weren't going to let them pass and the kids began to pull out these flags and wave them. Some of the flags were a colorful red, some a real dark black and some of the flags were real honest-to-God Vietcong flags and you just marveled at the ingenuity of the kids in getting ahold of those colorful banners. Boy, they were really waving them and I could see that cop I was keeping my eye on just getting madder and madder and standing there stock still like some dumb animal except when he was dodging some of the symbols of rejection of our worn-out inhuman society these wonderful children were hurling. This real doll about forty, I heard later she was a transfer student from Columbia where the kids really showed them how, remember, pushed her way through the crowd and hit the cop with a box containing clippings from underground newspapers or something similar. You should have seen that cop's face when he realized that he was stuck in that uniform for the rest of his shift and what a cleaning bill he was going to have.

The student leaders in the crowd had the old bull horns going like crazy and they were yelling for the kids to push through the thin blue line of the Establishment and they started sending these really brave kids, freedom fighters, with football helmets and sharpened sticks up into the front line facing the blackshirts in blue. The old Vaseline was being rubbed around the eyes because the kids could see the inhumans were putting on their gas masks and they knew the Establishment was going to come down hard on them for having made a simple protest of the rotten way the university was being run. These young kids were sick and tired of being told by these old cops that they couldn't establish a bridgehead of freedom in the Dean's office so they began to jam forward bravely, jabbing at the pigs with their sharpened sticks, throwing more symbols of liberal protest and even spraying the cops with oven cleaner. I thought that a real modern touch.

I could tell these kids didn't really want to hurt anybody. They were just telling the fascisti to get out of the way in terms the cops could understand. These kids wanted to exercise their American right of pulling down anything they wanted.

But you can guess what happened Some fat-headed, hot-headed Irish Captain blew his cool and his whistle together and off went the tear-gas canisters and out came the long, sadistic billy clubs. I tried to keep my eye on that red-faced cop I'd been watching and, you better believe it, this here cop is swinging that club like a madman and, true to the way I had figured him politically, he's centering his attention on this nice kid who has a Cong flag in one hand and a broken bottle—I think he was taking a drink and the cop's billy smashed it—in the other. The kid tries to protect himself from the brute cop by giving the pig a little jab in the neck with the bottle as a sort of warning, but he misses and just puts this thin line on the cop's throat so that Neanderthal unlimbers his club and begins smashing the kid on the head with the club. You can hear points dropping off the kid's IQ every time the billy comes down. The TV people move right in and get a beautiful shot of the cop hitting and the kid crumpling. The same thing is going on all up and down the line.

Brute authority is stamping on student dissent. The cops can't stand the truth. The childlike weapons of the children are useless. I see one nice girl wrapped in a red flag just sitting on the ground crying and giving herself a shot of H, just choosing escape over reality because the cops are forcing her to do this by their beastliness. Police brutality has won again. Force against reason. Idealism shattered by a pig's nightstick. □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Order and Repression

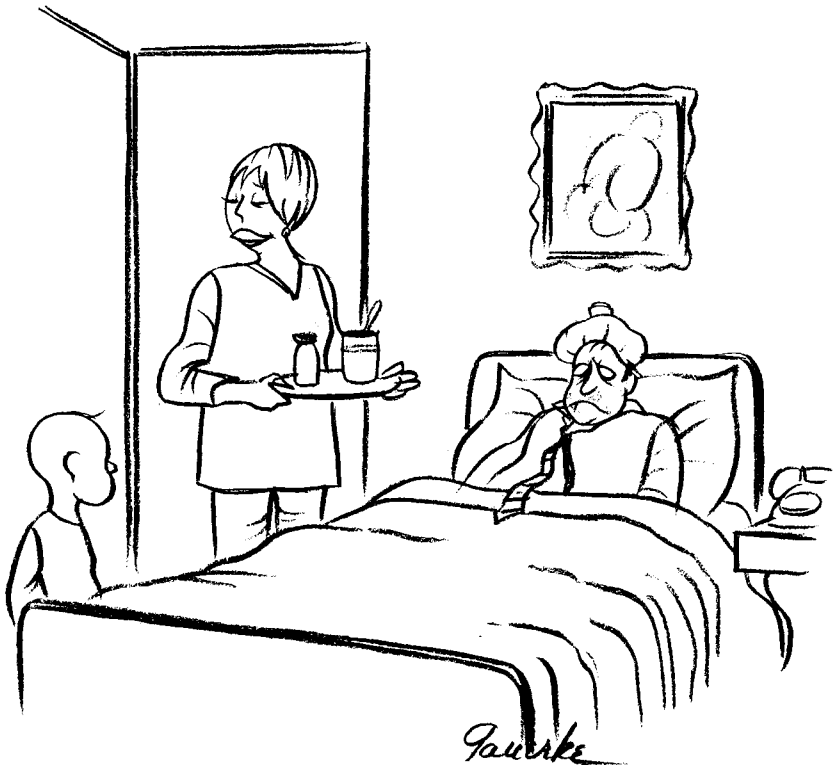
DONALD ATWELL ZOLL

I AM ACCUSED by Mr. Frank Meyer (*NR*, Dec. 30, 1969) of rejecting "the American tradition, the tradition of the Constitution and the Founding Fathers." I must plead *nolo contendere*. But any stabbing sense of guilt on my part is assuaged by the fact that these stentorian platitudes convey very little precise meaning to me, and if I do glean their general purport one thing is clear enough: They have nothing to do with the intellectual history of conservatism, and I, like most conservatives, would be more than willing to reject a very considerable part of the "American tradition," dominated as it is by influences scarcely harmonious with the conservative cast of mind. I frankly find language of this sort, as introduced by Mr. Meyer, quite repelling; it is a sort of shibbolethic posturing. Mr. Meyer's entire reflection on my essay (*NR*, Dec. 16) is a confusing skein of ideas taken out of their contexts (even quotations of mine, I should add), palpable fallacies of reasoning and unabashed Fourth of July rhetoric. Indeed, I would prefer a Bismarck to a Robespierre, for a case in point; and, on Mr. Meyer's somewhat perplexing invitation, a George Washington to a Bismarck (with some reservations), but I would, if given a free choice, vastly prefer a Metternich to any of them.

What Kind of Order?

Mr. Meyer's principal line of attack is to imply that my invocation of the conservative zeal for order is not only un-American, but a sinister endorsement of despotism. He refers to my "menacing rhetoric" (which, by the way, merely implied that contemporary conservatives might need to abandon their intellectual detachment in order to play a more influential political role, and to be willing to initiate political action for the defense of society). He "feels uneasily that Professor Zoll is positing order for order's sake" (in a sense this is true, as I shall observe presently, but not within Mr. Meyer's implication). His prose assumes a mauve hue when he speaks of "Professor Zoll's draconic . . . prescription for iron rule, like his symbolic attachment to the Iron Chancellor." Finally, he misreads the essay in a truly mystifying manner and concludes that "the choice Professor Zoll offers . . . between revolutionary anarchy and some iron state [presumably *my* selection] is as false as the choice so widely promulgated in the Thirties between fascism and Communism." Mr. Meyer then offers us the "vindication of the American tradition" —whatever this is supposed to mean.

Any discussion of the issue of order must hinge upon some functional definition of that term. Mr. Meyer shifts his interpretation of the word "order" from an inference that it represents the coercive subjugations of liberty to, alternatively, something called "a free constitutional order," the precise character of which, incidentally, eludes me. It seems evident enough that Mr. Meyer has not addressed himself to the task of determining the rudimentary nature of order or its consequent verbal definition. In an effort to assist him in this matter, let me point out that we use the term "order" in ordinary usage in two ways: We speak of it as meaning social tranquility (in the "law-and-order" sense) and, also, we use the word to denote the regularization of relationships between elements in a system—as in "numerical order" or "word order" or "order of nature" and so on. These uses of the word appear, superficially, to be separate, but they are deeply related. Social order is, in fact, the regularization of relationships, and if one pushes the naturalistic analogy further this regularization, which may entail coercive authority, rests upon a principle or principles that are *external* to the system itself and are not produced by the initiatives of the collective elements. I am perfectly prepared to speak of this as "ontological order" and I think it is the base of human social order. The primary difference between order in human society as contrasted with order among the social animals is that man alone can exercise his will contrary to the injunction of ontological order. Order, then, is not a conten-



"Daddy took a little trip to Cloud Nine last night and he's having a re-entry problem."

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tious term; there is not a "good" order or a "bad" order. The antithesis of order is disorder or the substitution of the regularities imposed by adherence to external principle, obedience to ontological order, by the intervention of artificialities spawned by capricious human will. A very useful term to describe this latter state of affairs is *repression*. Repression is the absence of order, the reign of uninhibited force and hubris. Repression is the imposition of internally generated irregularities.

Toryism or Jacobinism?

Liberals—"classical" or contemporary—have never understood order very well, because they have never delved into its philosophical foundations deep enough to appreciate the distinctions between order and repression. They have been content to maintain a pluralistic equilibrium that balanced off the more rancorous threats in minimal order; they declared, to put it another way, that order was not substantive, but procedural or that it wasn't very important until one's ox was gored. Mr. Meyer is obviously a dedicated liberal, and when he invokes the term "conservatism" (which he does, by the way, with a particularly sententious if not accurate fashion) he does so to refer to the anti-radical predispositions of the liberal, moderate, small "u" utilitarians such as Locke, Madison and Mill. This explains, I think, why he is so evidently confused about the meaning of order, and why he assumes order to be a contentious postulate, which must be weighed against other political values in terms of priorities rather than contending that order is a pre-theoretical condition upon which all civilized political alternatives rest. This is an almost ancient liberal fallacy, which, for example, is illustrated by liberals' naïve willingness to talk seriously about freedom *v.* order. One suspects, parenthetically, that Mr. Meyer's nineteenth-century individualism would even prompt him to soberly consider the individual *v.* society in the same subject-object paradigm.

Mr. Meyer's liberal predilection leads him, then, into his substantial accusation that my admittedly epigrammatic essay is a plea for "repression," if I may use that term now that we have tidied up our terminology. Is this a fair charge? The best thing that can be said for Mr. Meyer's critique is that it leaps to conclusions—in the absence of detailed analysis of my fuller position on the nature of order. He *assumes* he sees a specter of authoritarianism and, to be entirely just, he is right to the extent that order is held to be a fundamental condition that government is obligated to maintain. But his liberal bias prompts him to miss the obvious, which a conservative would not have done: the alternative I am proposing is not the "iron state" or the rule of "Iron Chancellors," but the revivification of high Toryism. The political dichotomy I pose, as liberalism expires, for all its admirable sentiments about "the prevalence of liberty, a preference for pluralism and individualism" (Mr. Meyer's words), is between two forms of social repression: the insurrectionary tyranny of the Left and the primitivistic and irrational retaliations of the Right. The conservative—the Tory—must not only confront the dangers of the New Jacobinism, but must also moderate the potential excesses of a right-wing radicalism. In short, the Toryism I endorse is the ultimate vindication of order as opposed to repression, the recognition of social order as resting upon an ontological and naturalistic mandate. Mr. Meyer wishes, for some reason, to appropriate the mantle of conservatism and yet he throws away all credibility in this connection in his final sentence when he speaks of "defense of an order based upon civility and freedom." Of course, liberals would invariably, almost instinctively, adopt such a viewpoint, but conservatives, on the other hand, would speak of "civility and freedom based upon order." Perhaps that is the root difference between Mr. Meyer's views and mine.

Finally, Mr. Meyer's remarks rest heavily on illusion, a sanguine serenity I do not share. His nostalgic hints of a preference for neo-Spencerian individualism are almost whimsical. The post-industrial age of automated and computerized society cannot be preserved, let alone humanized and made tolerable, by such fantasy. Society—or the parts of it worth saving—cannot be preserved by rhetoric, however honorific. It cannot be preserved by calling up Disney-esque visions of George Washington chopping down cherry trees, by venerating an admittedly splendid, but by now distinctly flawed, constitutional instrument or by repeating—nervously—the hoary slogans of liberalism. It can be preserved, perhaps, by realism and hard-mindedness if they are also wedded to prudence and ethical sensitivity. To be blunt, my intimations of the future—apparently unlike Mr. Meyer's—are more akin to Fisher Ames than to Henry Clay. But, you say, didn't Ames' gloomy predictions fail to come to pass? I wonder. □

The Nation Is Moving to the Left

1. Do you consider Nixon's skimpy welfare program inadequate?
Yes 70% No 20 % Undecided 10%
Conclusion: 70 per cent of the nation supports Senator George McGovern.

2. What do you think of Nixon's Vietnam policy; answer yes or no.
Yes 72% No 12% Undecided 16%
Conclusion: 84 per cent of the nation is confused by President Nixon's Vietnam policy.

3. Do you approve of brutish, savage, vicious, porcine cops busting the skulls of peaceful, idealistic, young lovers in Chicago?
Of course not 85% Yes 10%
Undecided 5%
Conclusion: 10 per cent of the country is sick and needs a crack in the head.

4. You don't oppose student control of the world, do you?
No 67% Yes 1% Unreported 32%
Conclusion: Only about 1 per cent of a nation ever has anything intelligent to say.

5. Do you dislike Nixon?
Yes 52% No 42% Do not recognize the name 16%
Conclusion: 42 per cent of the nation wishes Hubert Humphrey were President.

6. Are you opposed to giving food stamps to starving children?
No 67% Yes 20%
Object 13% (claiming food stamps are too low in protein to provide starving children with ample diets).
Conclusion: 13 per cent of the nation feels food stamps should be fortified with massive protein enforcement.

7. Do you favor continuation of modern math in public schools?
Yes 75% No 30.2% Uncertain .8%
Conclusion: We are still working on this one.

LOUIS J. HARRISSY

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RUSSELL KIRK

TEACHERS WHO WON'T BE DRAGOONED

FROM THE ACADEMY

Readers of this page may be surprised to find yours truly singing the praises of an Education Association; yet so it has come to pass. I celebrate the virtues of the Detroit Education Association, some 1,600 members strong, which refuses to be unionized by compulsion.

Months ago, the Detroit Education Association withdrew from the Michigan Education Association (headquarters in Lansing), because the MEA has embraced the principle of the agency shop. The agency shop is the industrial union shop, applied to public-school teachers whether they like it or not. Both the Michigan Education Association and its powerful rival the Michigan Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) now treat their members as if they were factory-hands, incompetent to bargain for themselves. In the cities of Michigan, these big organizations have bullied school board after school board into agreeing to an agency shop; that is, all teachers employed by the board either must be members of the MEA or the Federation (depending on which organization wins a local election), or else must pay into its treasury "fees" equal to union dues.

In Detroit, the Detroit Federation of Teachers (AFL) is in the saddle. The agency-shop clause was fastened upon Detroit's teachers by a vote of only four thousand out of the city's twelve thousand public-school teachers (for, as usual in these elections, the majority of members didn't show up to vote).

This leaves the Detroit Education Association, now an independent body, committed to the principle that no teacher ought to be compelled to join any union or association, or made to pay dues or "fees" against his will. Members of the DEA now endure taxation without representation: That is, they are required to pay fees to the Detroit Federation of Teachers involuntarily, if they wish to retain their posts; and though they continue to pay dues to the DEA, the organization of their choice is not recognized as a bargaining agent by the Detroit school board. To put matters mildly, they are vexed.

But they are not hopeless. Their president is Mr. Robert Johnson, a school librarian, a courageous and well-educated gentleman, and a Negro. Mr. Johnson and his colleagues have carried their case to the courts. The agency-shop clause violates the Michigan Teacher-Tenure Act they contend, and is in violation of state and federal labor legislation, and perhaps of state and federal constitutions. Public-school teachers in Pontiac, Livonia, Grand Blanc and Saginaw have been discharged by school boards because they refused either to join MEA affiliates or Federation affiliates, or to pay fees to those organizations; other teachers have resigned, rather than submit to such a domination. At this writing, the Michigan Court of Appeals is considering such cases. Mr. Johnson writes:

> Educators, because of the nature of their profession, should never be forced to join any kind of organization, and for that matter we would extend this same principle to any government employee because of the inherent danger which lies in a policy of this kind.
>
> With educators, our job is to educate the young, and we have a responsibility to provide the conditions which will help every youngster to achieve the greatest potential for self-development. This is not possible where 1) an educator has to pay for the right to work, and 2) he must adhere to policies and philosophies of an organization which may not be of his own choosing.

Interested readers can obtain more information about this struggle by writing to Mr. Johnson at the headquarters of the Detroit Education Association, 17616 Wyoming, Detroit.

Mr. Johnson and his friends relish the doctrinaires of the Michigan Education Association (the state satrapy of the National Education Association) no better than they do the American Federation of Teachers. As Mr. Johnson told me in a recent conversation, yesterday's dull dogs of the MEA have been supplanted by union-organizer types, intemperate and eager for power. These are ideologues. One of them informed Bob Johnson that when "humanism" is triumphant in all public schools, everything will be hunky-dory; he meant "humanism" in the sense of antireligion. Mr. Johnson replied that when his people—the Negro community realize what the educationist ideologues are up to, there will be real trouble: for his people are deeply Christian.

People like Robert Johnson are determined not to be unionized against their will; also they bitterly resent the educationist ideologue's endeavor to cram down their throats such fads as "sex education" and "sensitivity training." Practical experienced teachers who know too well the inner and outer disorder of urban public schools, the DEA people and their allies are neither antisexual nor insensitive; but they recognize sex-sham and sensitivity-sham when they see them. What children need is the imparting of human dignity, not reduction to the lowest common denominator of sensuality. There is a great gulf fixed between brotherhood in Christ and the sloganizing pseudo-brotherhood of the "sensitive" latter-day liberal.

A DAY MAY COME, Mr. Johnson suggests, when the NEA zealots and the Federation zealots will effect a merger of their organizations; then there would be talk of a nationwide teachers' strike. Local strikes already have terribly injured decent order in public schools; a national strike would be a ghastly blow to teachers' authority over pupils and teachers' self-respect as members of an honorable profession. If the calamity of union monopoly in public schools is to be averted, upright educators like Robert Johnson must take their stand now. □

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DELECTATIONS

Brawl in the Afternoon

JOHN C. SMITH

It is an existential thing for a skinny and nearsighted kid to careen around a football field, with only a few woefully insignificant pads for protection and surrounded by friends, reaching for a pass that always just eludes his grasp. It is something that has happened to most of us, alas, this stretching toward the heroic, and it's this familiarity with struggle that helps make pro football—*Partisan Review*'s William Phillips called it "the intellectual's secret vice"—our circus maximus.

Oh, there are other reasons. Our leisure time has increased. So has our need for heroes untainted by all those infernal ambiguities. And the tube, which has brought us war and the Weathermen, also carries the instant replay, allowing us to savor the golden moments with no more effort than sipping a beer. Pro football emerges as splendid theater, the best we've got, catharsis for Richard Nixon, Spiro Agnew and George Plimpton, as well as Everyman. And unlike the conventional theater, you don't know how it's going to come out. The shrewd men who run television know this, and are willing to pay for it.

Other sports are cashing in. But pro football, with its unique combination of order and chaos, its violence and grace, its inner logic and the solemn, genial trolls who make their living at it, has caught the public fancy. "Baseball is too slow, too dependable, too much like a regional drawl. Basketball is too nervous and too tight; hockey too frenzied; boxing too chaotic, too folksy," Phillips wrote. The winds of change blow in college sports, and schoolboy athletes, amateur and semi-pro, by definition aren't as good as the professional performers, who are very good performers indeed.

The ebullient Joe Kapp, who talks of the game as an "honest brawl," quarterbacked the University of California to the Rose Bowl in 1959, and was drafted in the thirteenth round by the Washington Redskins, who didn't seem particularly interested in the proceedings. Kapp rattled around Canada for years, before getting his National League chance with Minnesota. Now he's Berkeley's best known alumnus, leading a team representing Middle America, the "Amerika" of the underground press, into the Super Bowl against another team of Middle Americans from Kansas City.

The ace newsmen got the Super Bowl all wrong, of course, with most of them picking the Vikings to win easily. The Chiefs had a message, that intelligent growth—some dare call it progress—helps nice guys win ball games.

Joe Namath, archtypical hipster rather than hippie, a young man who seemingly knows the value of everything and the price of everything, is in eclipse for now. There are no ambiguities in championship football. But the Jets made green and white the colors of impudent youth when they

knocked off the superestablished Colts last year, Ali and Liston all over again. Namath, with his chutzpah, his hair and his dalliances, polarized the fans, and the press, too. There are those who idolize him, in this antiheroic age, but this doesn't go for some of the sports writers. Here's Namath on pressies: "Hell, I used to believe everything I read in the papers, everything about politics and murders and Vietnam. I don't anymore. How can I? When I know that newspapermen get me wrong, how can I trust them with more important things, like wars and elections?" Award Namath the Order of the Guru, First Class, and call Spiro Agnew.

As does any other art form, pro football has its body of criticism. Beyond the game stories and chit-chat of the daily papers, this has become a fair-sized business. Most fans are like hobbits, delighting in reading "books filled with things they already know, set out fair and square with no contradictions." Jerry Kramer's works, as told to Dick Schaap, are the best of the lot, along with Plimpton's classic *Paper Lion*. Namath's book, also written with the ubiquitous Schaap, was dull, though his *Playboy* interview wasn't.

Phillips has a passion for the hapless New York Giants, which he discussed in the resolutely intellectual *Commentary*. He views their decline as symbolic of their city. But as the fabled Giants and Chicago Bears wane, that other patriarchal franchise, in Washington, rebuilds under Vince Lombardi. The Oakland Raiders, Kansas City Chiefs and Jets, from that league that came in from the cold, prosper, artistically and financially. The Vikings and Dallas, relative newcomers, dominate their divisions, and Los Angeles, which has known bitter days, fields a superb team.

Nixon, who knows what it is to come back against the odds, surely sees the weekend wars as a surcease from the ambiguities of the Presidency, as well as a bridge to a people obsessed with distrust. This hasn't escaped the commentators:

> The President calls the signals—power play off tackle to the right—but about a quarter of the Republicans block to the left. This obviously complicates the President's life.
>
> From Monday morning to Friday night, President Nixon lives with uncertainties. In politics, there are no dependable rules, no clearly marked sidelines or goal lines, no officials with mathematical penalties for a personal foul, no instant replay to check the facts, no beginning, no halftime, no pageantry, no fun, no discipline and above all no end to the struggle.

James Reston said it, and it's no wonder the President likes football. □

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Most English of the English

PETER P. WITONSKI

Freedom and Reality
By J. Enoch Powell
Arlington House, 264 pp., $6.00

The annals of humbuggery are littered with the corpses of self-righteous politicians who might have achieved some measure of greatness had they been less extravagant in their profligacy. One thinks, for example, of Sir Oswald Mosley, of Black Shirt fame—how close he came to being Prime Minister of Great Britain. Mosley and his Black Shirts are now long forgotten, or almost forgotten; and few remember Mosley's parliamentary eloquence, and the power he once exerted over the Labor Party. All that remains is the image of a dark little humbug, leading a mob of ignorant plebs through the streets of London in the days before the Second World War.

All this may seem a strange way of introducing a book bearing the libertarian title of *Freedom and Reality*. The author of the book, Mr. J. Enoch Powell, is neither a humbug nor a Blackshirt, and yet lately his critics have accused him of being both these things, and a great many more to boot. There are several striking similarities between Mr. Powell and Mosley. Both men have been, at various times, anathematized by the established leadership of their respective parliamentary parties; both have pandered to the plebs; both have, in a sense, been isolated from the mainstream of British political life, believing their own positions to represent a new mainstream. But where Mosley was a blackguard and a bully, Powell is a man of honor, of utter frankness, to the great frustration of the many smaller men who occupy what has become the middle of the road in Britain today.

A genuine intellectual, Powell is one of the most brilliant figures to emerge in British politics in the past decade. A Greek scholar (he held the classics chair at the University of Sydney while still in his twenties), poet in the Housman tradition, medieval historian and political economist, he has many things of great importance to say on a wide range of issues. It is therefore lamentable that he has allowed his talents to be deflected from the subjects that he was most qualified to speak about and gotten himself bogged down in a quagmire of claptrap on the race issue in Britain, a quagmire that has damaged his reputation, most likely ended his hopes of reaching 10 Downing Street, and deafened the ears of the Establishment to his important ideas in the field of economics.

MR. POWELL has committed the unpardonable sin—unpardonable for a man who describes himself as being "Tory through and through"—of feeding upon the prejudices of the mob. For his sins he has been condemned by the intellectual Right, ranging from Quentin Hogg to Peregrine Worsthorne. Mr. Heath, the leader of the British Conservative Party, has taken the unprecedented step of publicly announcing, before the next General Election has even taken place, that there will be no room for Mr. Powell in the next Tory cabinet. And so he is alone. No doubt—being a Classicist—he would reply with Cicero, that no man is ever less alone, than when alone. But his colleagues will not listen. Powell, they will argue, has sounded of late more like Catiline than Cicero.

Several of his speeches on the Commonwealth immigrants, for all their Vergilian eloquence—and they were very eloquent, like all of his speeches—smacked of a style of thought alien to the essence of true conservatism. They were, in the words of the conservative *Daily Telegraph* of London, too logical, almost inhumanly so. Yet most of what Mr. Powell has to say is of immense importance, not only to Britain, but to America.

Not only is Powell Tory through and through, but in a very real sense, he is the most English of contemporary English politicians. Much of his philosophy, as Mr. T. E. Utley has demonstrated in his excellent biography of Powell, is the result of his Englishness. Not only are Powell's views on the Commonwealth immigrants influenced by his Englishness; his far more important analysis of economics and society is influenced by it. On this subject he writes:

> Society is much more than a collection of individuals acting together, even through the complex and subtle mechanisms of the free economy, for material advantage. It has an existence of its own; it thinks and feels; it looks inward, as a community, to its own members; it looks outward, as a nation, into a world populated by other societies, like or unlike itself. The Tory Party, with its deep sense of history, has always concerned itself with these two aspects of society, and I believe that the British people would instinctively and rightly reject a philosophy which offered them just an economic machine, however efficient and successful. They expect that it should concern itself with respect, understanding and compassion, for the individuals and families which compose it. But how? That is the question.
>
> The Socialist has his pat answer. The state will take over responsibility for meeting the individual's need: it will provide, or organize, his education, his leisure, his care in health and sickness, his housing and that of his family, his very livelihood in age, his feeding in youth. . . .

Needless to say Powell rejects the

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socialist answer. Indeed, he argues—and this is the basic theme of this book, as it is of Powell's political philosophy—the fundamental issue of our day is whether Britain, and in the broader sense, every Western country, will opt for socialism or the free society. Mr. Powell, it goes without saying, opts for the free society. He does not believe that men can be free, in speech or action, in a state that owns or controls all the physical resources on which their material life depends. The choice, as he sees it, is one between the socialist state, where a nation's destiny is "concentrated around the plans and power of government and limited by the horizon of the men who rule it, and on the other side the society, free, compassionate, patriotic, which has faith in the limitless resources and possibilities of the people themselves."

Of his own Conservative Party, Mr. Powell writes, "We are the capitalist party. We believe in capitalism. We uphold the capitalist free economy." Indeed, he argues, if the Conservative Party does not stand for these things, then it does not have any function in modern Britain, it need not say anything, since without capitalism it will have nothing to say. Having experienced economic planning at first hand, as the administrator of socialized medicine under a Macmillan, he rails against the planners with great eloquence, listing their mistakes with the zeal of a John Jewkes.

Readers will find Powell's analysis of Britain's handling of the Rhodesian situation, which he calls irrational, to be of great interest. His skepticism over British entry into the Common Market, his criticism of Britain's role East of Suez, his exposure of Wilson's incomes policy, his analysis of the Commonwealth—all are in the present volume, all are of interest however much one may disagree with aspects of his argument. There is also a particularly well-stated exposition of his views on immigrants. "The supreme function of statesmanship," he explains, "is to provide against preventable evils"—such as the racial violence that has afflicted our own country in recent years.

Much has been written about Mr. Powell lately. A good deal of it, particularly in the American press, has been distorted in the extreme. It is therefore important to hear what this English conservative has to say in his own words. Arlington House is to be congratulated for presenting Mr. Powell to an American audience. □

FICTION

Mr. Sammler's Planet
By Saul Bellow

Viking, $6.95

BELLOW'S PLANET

JOHN BRAINE

In a novel by that much underestimated writer, John Marquand, *Wickford Point*, there's a passage which never fails to give me pleasure. Two friends, professional writers, are waiting to look at the first chapter of a first novel by a professor of English, whom they loathe and despise for being thoroughly crass and bogus. Gleefully, they anticipate giving him, in an elliptical but unmistakable way, his comeuppance; then a dreadful thought strikes one of them. "My God," he exclaims, "supposing it's good! I couldn't bear it. . . ."

Neither could I have borne it if Saul Bellow's new novel had been good. And it could have been: *The Adventures of Augie March*, despite its skimped and vague ending, had promise. But his further development was conditional upon his acquiring a sense of structure and learning how to love as a novelist. (This has very little to do with how one loves one's fellow humans; indeed, it is rather more concerned with things and particularly man-made things.) And since *The Adventures of Augie March*—even before—Mr. Bellow has been taken over by the American literary Establishment, has become a member of what Mr. Norman Podhoretz calls the Family.

The Family, with Miss Mary McCarthy as matriarch, has been dominating American literature since before the War. Miss McCarthy is its exemplar and the transmitter of its traditions. Once a member of the Family, always a member of the Family; there is no record of anyone ever having left it, though it has members, like Mr. Gore Vidal, who are blissfully unaware of belonging to it.

All its members are, naturally, liberal, and their political and social reactions are depressingly predictable. I don't, however, wish to consider this aspect of the Family's influence here. I wish to consider the literary influence of the Family, the nature of the orthodoxy it imposes upon writers as writers, and the reasons why *Mr. Sammler's Planet* can't be a good novel despite the talents of its author.

But I have already stated my case as soon as I mention the word *orthodoxy*. For a novelist must be a heretic, he must conform to no doctrine except that there is no doctrine. Technically he may learn occasionally from others; but he mustn't have in mind a fixed idea of what a good novel must be. What he must do is to make a container for his material, and that container must be custom-built, a one-off job. A member of the Family, though, must somehow make the material fit the Family container. Unless everything I believe in and live by as a novelist is wrong, this method of its nature cannot produce good novels. And that's why I couldn't bear it if *Mr. Sammler's Planet* was a good novel.

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The container? Sensitive liberal intellectual, generally Jewish, observes the world around him meticulously and with growing despair and disgust, and gets the dirty end of the stick. The prevailing note is helplessness. There are variations—the option of the two- or four-door model, so to speak; the final attitude may be either acceptance or the resolve to continue the struggle without, needless to say, much hope. And boy won't get girl and live happy ever after, the long-lost child will not be found, the king will not come into his own again, there won't be a happy ending in any shape or form.

I don't, I must make it clear, demand that every novel should have a happy ending. What I object to is knowing in advance that there won't be one. What I object to even more is knowing in advance what the novel will be like. However deep a novel goes, it has to be crammed with surprises or otherwise it ceases to be a novel.

SO IN ONE SENSE *Mr. Sammler's Planet* isn't a bad novel. It's a moderately interesting personal statement by Mr. Saul Bellow in the guise of Artur Sammler, an old Polish Jew, an ex-literary journalist who has survived burial in a mass grave, service with the Polish partisans, and the pogrom following the German defeat. He now lives modestly in New York as the dependent of his nephew, Elya Gruner, a wealthy surgeon. The action of the novel occupies, as far as I can work it out, three days, and in the end Elya dies. I'm not giving away any surprises here; it's obvious from the beginning that Elya's number is up.

That's all. Nothing actually happens to Mr. Sammler unless one counts being barracked at a lecture, and being waylaid by a black pickpocket whom he's spotted at work on the bus. The black pickpocket doesn't rob or beat up Mr. Sammler or even speak to him. He exposes himself to him and then lets him go.

This is never explained, nor does Mr. Sammler speculate about it unduly. Personally I would say that it is symbolic; the decadent white is confronted and abashed by the black's superior vitality, his vivid spontaneous sexuality and so on. No one who has survived what Mr. Sammler has survived could be called decadent, but really high-class symbols mustn't be too neat and tidy.

The pickpocket's private parts (to use an old-fashioned phrase) are of course meticulously described. So are all the characters—"She wasn't old, not bad looking, not even too badly dressed, item by item. . . . She turned up in a miniskirt of billiard-table green, revealing legs sensual in outline, but without inner sensuality; at the waist a broad leather belt; over shoulders, bust, a coarse strong Guatemalan shirt; on her head a wig such as a female impersonator might put on at a convention of salesmen. Her own hair had a small curl, a minute distortion. . . ."

This is Mr. Sammler's psychotic daughter Shula. There's quite a lot more; she has a "troubled widow's peak" and "florid lips" and "merging dark eyes." And later she's seen in her bath—"The soles of her white feet, he saw, the black female triangle and white swellings with large rings of purplish brown. The veins. Yes, yes, she belonged to the club. The gender club. This was a female. That was a male. Much difference it could make to him. . . ."

What is so dreadfully wrong here? Not the description, not the items in the catalogue. But simply that we don't see other people in that way, particularly our daughters. Kinship and long acquaintance in one sense blur and in another sense sharpen. We don't see the physical defects, we see a person. We may or may not love them, but we don't catalogue them.

Unless, that is, we are writing a Family novel. Then we are not allowed to ask ourselves how a seventy-year-old refugee Jew would see his daughter, or, more important still, how he would see the Six-Day War. Mr. Sammler goes to Gaza and here he soliloquizes: "And this war was, as human affairs went, a

RANDOM NOTES

■ Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *The Governor Listeth: A Book of Inspired Political Revelations*, is coming from Putnam in March. . . . Anchor is bringing out a paperback edition of Kevin Phillips' *The Emerging Republican Majority*. . . . And for the Van Heusen shirt enthusiasts: William vanden Heuvel, running for governor in New York, has penned *On His Own: Robert F. Kennedy 1964-1968* (Doubleday, $7.95). . . . Attention Teddy White: R. G. Schwartzenberg, your Gallic counterpart, has just come out with *La Guerre de succession* (Presses Universitaires, 18 fr.), the story of Monsieur Pompidou's victory in the Gaullist war of succession.

■ Old-line French Stalinist Roger Garaudy has been removed from the Central Committee of the French Communist Party for his anti-Soviet diatribe, *Le Grand Tournant du Socialism* (Gallimard). Long a faithful party hack, Garaudy has been likened to the late Marxist philosopher Louis Althusser: At one time or another he has defended some of the most vicious aspects of Soviet policy, including the purge trials of the Thirties and the invasion of Hungary in 1956. And Herbert Marcuse's latest pontification, *Five Lectures* (Beacon, $7.50), is coming out on April Fools' Day.

■ Johns Hopkins is publishing the Eisenhower Papers: the first five volumes, *The War Years* ($75). . . . For military historians: Hanson W. Baldwin's *Strategy for Tomorrow* (Harper, $7.95). . . . And for Spiro supporters, Nick Johnson's *How to Talk Back to your Television Set* (Little Brown, $5.75). . . . A magnificent book from NYU: Erwin Panofsky's *Problems in Titian* ($12.50), the great iconographer's last book. . . . Critics of Dr. Spock's permissive theories of child rearing will want to look into Dr. Fitzhugh Dodson's *How to be a Parent* (Nash, $6.95). . . . And those interested on learning more about the man behind the present federal educational revolution will want to read James Bryant Conant's *My Several Lives: Memoirs of a Social Inventor* (Harper, $12.50).

■ Burns and Oats, the oldest Roman Catholic publishing house in Britain (founded in 1847), is going out of business. Their remaining titles will be taken over by the German firm of Herder Verlag, which also publishes liberal Catholic books in the U.S. (e.g., *The Dutch Catechism*). Burns and Oats will continue to control the *London Tablet*, which has gone very far to the left since Tom Burns took over for Douglas Woodruff two years ago. . . . Arlington House is bringing out an American edition of *Christian Counter-Attack*, by those two splendid Christian gentlemen, Arnold Lunn and Garth Lean.

■ Reprints: *A Dictionary of the English Language* by Samuel Johnson (AMS Press, $100). . . . *The Geneva Bible: A Facsimile of the 1560 Edition* (University of Wisconsin). . . . *The Song of Hiawatha*, the 1890 edition, with illustrations by the well-known illustrator and painter of Western scenes, Frederick Remington (E and W Books).

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most minor affair. In modern experience, so very little. . . ." Indeed it wasn't. For once Jack killed the giant instead of the giant killing Jack. A small country threatened with annihilation resoundingly defeated the would-be annihilator. A race which had been led like sheep to the slaughter for two thousand years slaughtered the butchers. I, a Gentile, feel this; Mr. Sammler would have felt it even more passionately. The smell of rotting flesh, the ugly debris of war, would be irrelevant.

For patriotism and racialism are as strong instincts—if not stronger—than sex. As Robert Ardrey asks, how many men do you know who have died for a woman, and how many who have died for their country?

The rule for the Family novel, following orthodox liberal doctrine, is that patriotism and racialism are perverted, atavistic and eventually suicidal. The effect is that the Family novelist must either falsify a character's reactions in this respect, have him feel what he ought to feel instead of what he would actually feel: or else limit himself to characters like himself.

The tragedy of it is, that in Mr. Bellow there is a talent screaming to be let out. There is vitality here, there is a groping toward an individual vision. But he has imposed bonds upon himself from which I fear he'll never escape. □

SCIENCE FICTION

Analog 7
Ed. John W. Campbell Jr.
Doubleday, $5.95

Orbit 4
Ed. Damon Knight
Putnam, $4.95

World's Best Science Fiction 1969
Ed. Donald A. Wollheim and Terry Carr *Ace, 95¢*

I LIST IN NUMBERS

THEODORE STURGEON

—and the numbers come: *SF 12*; The best of *F&SF*, Thirteenth series, Fourteenth . . . and, I suppose, *1984* and *2001*, *Fahrenheit 451* and *Seven Days in May*, the *Analogs*, the *Orbits*.

A whimsy.

John W. Campbell Jr., escaped from MIT and, a fine traditional sf writer himself (and for a time, as Don A. Stuart, a superb fantasist), took over the editorial chair of *Astounding Science Fiction* thirty years ago. In less than a couple of years he attracted to himself and the magazine (the same thing, really) a nucleus of extraordinary writers. A few had been around for a while—Simak, Leinster, Lieber; the others he discovered or invented or, it sometimes seems, manufactured. Pratt and deCamp, L. Ron Hubbard (yes, *that* Hubbard), van Vogt, del Rey, Heinlein, Hamilton—Campbell, through these men, created what has been called a Golden Age of sf.

He was a superb and provocative teacher of science and of fiction. "Give me a story about aliens," he would challenge, "in which they think as well as a man but not like a man." He would return a story because it turned upon the fission of light metals or a compound of argon, and would explain to you in five or six or seven single-spaced pages why this was not possible—and give you something which would really work, and which in some cases, as with our nuclear energy technology, ultimately did. He conveyed his preoccupations with power (all kinds), superiority (*our* kind) and scientific probability up and down and across the disciplines, so forcefully to his disciples that they produced a body of Campbellian literature on which the entire field pivoted, and which profoundly affects it to this day. The same pressures which produced that first golden explosion also seem to have squirted, like appleseeds, his early converts into other areas; no matter—he discovered/invented/manufactured more, and as *Astounding* became *Analog* (and Street and Smith, the publishers, dissolved and were replaced by Condé Nast) the magazine went right on being what it had been since Campbell took over: Campbell.

READING a concentrated dose of *Analog* today is a pleasure for those who wish to slip back to the days when stories had a beginning, a middle and an end, and to whom it is important that they be taught. Author Phillifont turns his narrative around phobias and Freudian death-wish patterns, Mack Reynolds the anatomy of totalitarianism, Frank Herbert (delightfully) the "first rule," known instinctively by law enforcement officials: "to maintain enough of the required activity for that job to ensure . . . continued employment." Mike Hodous explicates the the ory and practice of hydrogen reactors and Poul Anderson, stranded on planet lacking common elements, build us a massive matter transmitter usin lava for concrete and reinforcing i with Alagau—an alloy of aluminum silver and gold. (He says it's toug enough, and is mauve, and this bein *Analog*, you can just bet on it.) Th whole texture of stories like this is fa miliarly astounding; it is hard to com prehend how little a man, and a mag azine, can change while having come so far.

Changes there are, however. Sex exists now, though never as a preoccupation or a raison d'être, and the comedy (Campbell always did like a little funny stuff) is much less heavy-handed than it once was. Special notice is spectacularly earned by one Jack Wodham for a flabbergaster called "There is a Crooked Man," which is not only hilarious, but profligate. The man tosses out at least thirty perfectly valid and highly original sf gadget-story ideas, any one of which could make an *Analog* yarn all by itself. A writer like this is worth watching; such open-handedness means only that there's lots more where this came from.

ORBIT IS SOMETHING ELSE again. Scheduled to publish twice a year, it is its own source: the stories are all new, and written expressly for it and its erudite and tasteful editor Damon Knight. He welcomes stories which disdain convention and taboos (and does not often get them), but is far more willing than Campbell ever has been to court the unusual, the experimental, the literate, and (although his grip has not at all slackened on sf per se) the fantastic. Best of all, he has space for the unclassifiable—the kind of stories which used never to get published at all or, if they were, were doomed to flickering appearances in little quarterlies.

A perfect example of this is Carol Emshwiller's "Animal." The only thing remotely like it, as far as I know, is an obscure curiosity by Sartre called "From the Academy," and even that is not quite the unsettling fable Miss E. has wrought. (She has, by the way, produced a number of deeply disturbing and totally original works, and a collection of them would be a treasure.) Kate Wilhelm deftly stitches a tender love-tale through a hard-core weapons computer story, and there is an exceed-

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ıgly troublesome nightmare by Harlan ellison, which makes you glad, if you ke him, that he has gotten rid of it his way and glad, if you don't, that he ; plagued with such things. I especially iked Charles Harness' story about a ıear-future Supreme Court and a paraloxical case involving ESP—specifically, clairvoyance. If evidence used to :onvict a criminal has been obtained ɔy clairvoyance, how should the Court :ule on the appeal? Robert Silverberg :omes up with a story of surprising (for ıim) tenderness, with a sting in its tail; R. A. Lafferty is more boisterous, even, than usual, and the others in the volume do it credit.

DONALD A. WOLLHEIM edited the very first sf paperback (for Pocket Books, in 1943). Young Terry Carr is responsible for the "Ace Science Fiction Specials" mentioned in these pages before. As co-editors for a "best" annual, they bring both knowledgeability and freshness to the job. Their sources are American and British sf magazines, *Playboy*, and a book called *The Farthest Reaches*, which has yielded three titles for this anthology. Brian Aldiss, surely one of the greater current greats, has a fascinating study of a controlled experiment in overpopulation, and Kurt Vonnegut Jr. is here with the title story of his new collection *Welcome to the Monkey House*—a *liebestod* fable at its most mordant.

Lo and behold, here's Orpheus and Euridice in space-opera format, by Fred Saberhagen—and it's still a hell of an opera—and, by Colin Kapp, one of those action-cum-technological-cum-sociological adventures which please the followers of Poul Anderson and Chad Oliver. A new (to me) author named Burt Filer has a beautifully wrought time-travel story, with a most unexpected twist, called "Backtracked." H. H. Hollis does funny things with topology. R. A. Lafferty has extrapolated the pop-singer phenomenon into the future with extraordinary results, as has Aldiss with immortality and E. G. van Wald with computerized education. There are many more—it's a chunky little volume—to suit the *Orbit* kind of people and the *Analog* kind as well.

The sf field is yeasting as never before, judging by the quality and quantity of anthologies and the diversity of their contents; and the nice thing about it (to reiterate another numerical book's sharp point) "everybody has a share." Sf, whether that means science fiction or Merril's "speculative fabulation," is more than ever about you and what you're doing and where and why you do it. □

A Nation Divided: Canada and the Coming of Pierre Trudeau
By Peter C. Newman
Knopf, 503 pp., $7.95

NEIGHBOR TO THE NORTH

DENNIS DUFFY

It's unfair to expect Americans to know or care very much about their Friendly Northern Neighbor, to envision it as other than a snow scene with a bevy of draft dodgers frolicking in the foreground. Canadians speak the same language—brand names, TV programs, clothing styles—as many of their American counterparts. They don't inquire if Texas is in Dallas, they watch the same war on the news.

Yet oddly enough, Canada is different. The world's highest-living colony with its principal industries extractive and agricultural, its economy is controlled by absentee landlords and its peculiarities stifled by the imperial media networks. Yet its people remain more stable politically (at quiet times during the Trudeau convention, they tuned their TVs into the post-Martin Luther King riots gripping Washington), its political system less paralyzed by centralization. Life is quieter.

Peter Newman's chronicle of the Pearson years offers Americans a perceptive and entertaining glimpse of this ambivalent society. Written for a Canadian audience, it reveals by implication to others some of the contrasts between Canadian society and their own. The American publisher, quite rightly, expects his audience's attention to remain fixed Trudeau-wards, but these readers may be disappointed. Newman will not play with facts: Trudeau reached high visibility on the Canadian scene while relatively unknown, and the readers of *A Nation Divided* won't end up knowing him at all well. This shouldn't be counted against the book, since no one else knows Trudeau at all well either. You see, he himself wrote the only book revealing his political philosophy. It is called *Federalism and the French Canadians* (1968), and reveals him to be a technocratic-pragmatist liberal. Not many can stomach this reality, hence the Trudeaumania, hence the man of mystery.

However, even Trudeau couldn't have won power just anywhere. Like others of the type—John F. Kennedy for example—he remains the product of a particular society whose agonizing problems he was seen to solve by simply being there. Only Canada could have produced him, and Newman's tapestry of the Pearson years offers a detailed view of that matrix making his ascent possible.

Canada is a small country, its leadership homogeneous and the fields for political action somewhat narrower than in the States. The best book on

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Canadian society, John Porter's *The Vertical Mosaic* (University of Toronto Press, $4.50), is a sociological account of the inner workings of a large club. Trudeau was able, though a relative newcomer, to command an authority and fitness beyond the normal lot by the very fact of his acceptability to the sort of men who have always—with the exception of John Diefenbaker—governed Canada. A bit more stylish than they, a bit less grey in his style, but one of them for all that.

This elite is trained in the ranks of the corporation and the higher bureaucracies, including the academies. They direct a series of boards, committees and Royal Commissions, managing a system of synthesis and compromise marked by a strong sense of the traditional and acceptable. This elite may choose to view itself as Athenian in its blend of private virtue and public service, though its complacency and ease places it closer to the Athens that crushed Socrates than the one that produced Alcibiades.

The career of Lester Bowles Pearson, which occupies much of this book, offers a case in point. A figure passing creditably from one committee room to another, a poor campaigner and vote-getter, nonetheless handed the highest office in the land by a system valuing above all the man who fits in, he kept alive for a while a government marked by the ineptitude and amateurishness characterizing the quietly arrogant. When the system he embodied displayed its vulnerability in a succession of blunders and juicy (only in Canada) scandals, he emerged with personal honor unquestioned. The guy whom everyone trusts, who always comes up with a face-saving compromise, can maintain political credibility in the face of all the facts.

OF COURSE, the sole alternative in those years was again to entrust the affairs of the nation to Diefenbaker, a figure no longer acceptable either to the Canadian Establishment or the American. Yet it was that leader who captured earlier the truculent mood of a country seeking to retain a national identity while being swamped by the culture and marketing system of its imperial neighbor.

In a sense, Diefenbaker created the Canada that was to produce a Trudeau. The Chief articulated a restlessness, a national eagerness for self-definition, that squirmed and ached for expression throughout the Pearson years. Trudeaumania was the most vivid expression of the typically placid Canadian frenzy to bring into being the vision of a North American culture distinct from the continental surge of the United States.

With many illuminating details and inside stories (cabinet ministers appear to have been embarrassing in their itch to get their version of the latest fumble across to Newman), and with sensible evocations of the national mood (compare the solemn pontificals of a Theodore White about his society), the author brings the times to life. Of course, he is a brilliant journalist, and anyone who lived through those years will view with detachment the drama in which Newman vests every courthouse tale. Still, it is a fine story. □

The Collapse of the Third Republic
By William L. Shirer
Simon & Shuster, 1082 pp., $12.50

FATAL INDECISION

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

Any patient and industrious plodder can gather together a vast mass of research material—"mountainous" is the adjective which the author uses to describe this phase of his labors—but only a gifted historian, with an instinct for pertinence amounting to genius, can sort out from this abundance the material essential to his theme and produce a narrative lacking neither in dramatic quality nor instructive value.

Less than half this book is devoted to the events of 1939-40, events which culminated in the defeat of France by Hitler's Germany in a six-week war. The roots of that story go far back, as the author tells us; and it is not a story that can be understood unless its roots are examined. The opening chapters deal with the birth of the Third Republic after defeat by Germany in another short war (1870-71), and its growth in twenty-odd years into a powerful state, which in 1914-18 "was strong enough, its government, army, people and institutions tough enough, to survive a succession of bloody and disastrous battles." But thereafter something went very wrong. "In the ensuing 25 years, something happened that sapped that strength and toughness so that at the first visitation of adversity the Republic floundered and expired.

To explain how this tragedy came to pass is the author's aim.

Summed up, his answer—which he buttresses with convincing evidence—is that in 1914-18 France was able to produce strong and tough leaders both political and military. In 1940 this was not the case.

The symptoms of the fatal indecision that was to beset French statesmen and generals in the crisis of 1940 were plainly forecast by the shocking events of 1936, when Hitler—against the advice of his own generals—resolved to tear up the Treaty of Versailles by reoccupying the demilitarized zone of the Rhineland along the French frontier. Despite the decisive superiority in weapons and in numbers of trained fighting men which France enjoyed over Germany at that time, the French commander in chief, General Gamelin, could not bring himself to demand a military response. He was then, as he remained to the end of his career, a man "in whom thought was divorced from action. This was his fatal flaw." Hitler's own generals, it became known later, would have withdrawn the three battalions with which they had cautiously ventured into the Rhineland at the first indication of French opposition; but Hitler gambled on French indecision, and won. As a result, "the whole structure of European peace and security which had been built up since 1919 collapsed," virtually overnight; for the French army was the mainstay of that structure, and it was no longer a mainstay which inspired confidence in others.

WHEN WAR CAME in earnest three years later, General Gamelin was still in command of the French armies, and still as unable to take hard decisions and make himself obeyed; nor was there any toughness in the civilian leadership which might have taken corrective measures. The army was not ready to fight an enemy who knew how to use armored forces and air strikes in deadly combination: a single passage from Shirer's text is exemplary of what happened all along the battlefront: "All day long, on the fatal 15th of May, the French Ninth Army had continued to fall apart in utter pandemonium." Nowhere, in fact, did a strong French army element show much disposition to stand and fight it out, while con-

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fusion reinforced the reign of indecision in the high command.

As for France's allies, the King of the Belgians capitulated—probably because he realized that he could not depend on the French. The relatively small British Expeditionary Force, under the determined command of Lord Gort, fought its way to the sea and was evacuated by "the miracle of Dunkirk"—which was no miracle, but the product of decisive command and first-class battle leadership from GHQ down to the platoon level.

The French government finally replaced Gamelin with two aging marshals who had gained distinction in World War I—Pétain and Weygand. Neither produced much in the way of turning back the tide of defeat, but both seemed to have considerable interest in blaming the whole disaster on the British, a process which they described as "saving the honor of the French army." There was widespread conviction among French generals and politicians that the fall of Britain would soon follow the fall of France.

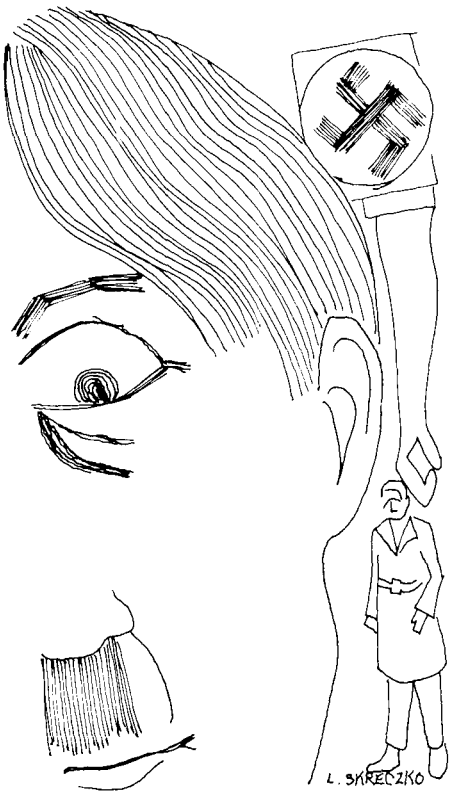
One French general who thought otherwise was Charles de Gaulle. Having fought the enemy wherever he could scrape a few tanks together until nothing was left to fight with, he accounted it his duty to continue the war from the resources of the French empire, as best he could. Shirer's account of de Gaulle's clandestine departure from France in a small British plane is a tale of hairbreadth adventure right up to the moment of takeoff—for, as Churchill says, it was now to Charles de Gaulle that the honor of France and the French army was to be entrusted. □

MOVIES

YOU PAYS YOUR MONEY AND TAKES YOUR CHOICE

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Luchino Visconti evidently belongs to what might be called the Freight Train School of film-making. In *The Damned*, he has strung together a picture with something in it for nearly every political and sexual hang-up of the twentieth century. At the outset there is a demure



disclaimer that the characters depicted resemble anyone living or dead; but the film purports to be the story of a German steel dynasty which can only be Krupp's, and it borrows freely (though God knows, loosely) from the actual history of the Krupp family. It also faithfully reenacts Hitler's famous raid on Ernst Roehm and his homosexual SA camarilla in 1934. So much for the disclaimer.

But, as I say, it is quite a smorgasbord. Are you just a good old World War II anti-Nazi like (say) Jimmy Wechsler, permanently traumatized by Hitler? Then *The Damned* is for you; no 1943 potboiler, of the kind so embarrassingly ubiquitous on late-night TV these days, ever depicted Nazi Germany as more quintessentially evil. On the other hand, I have no doubt that the late George Lincoln Rockwell's fading minilegions will flock to see it too; at the fade-out the Nazis are winning all over the place (it is still only 1934), and it will surely be gratifying to would-be *gauleiters* to see how the real articles did it in the Good Old Days.

On the sexual front, Visconti is practically Santa Claus. There are voluptuous women galore, and one who is truly beautiful (Charlotte Rampling). The lavender crowd is already ooh-ing and aah-ing over all those blond young Nazis. The sadomasochists will flip over the machine-gunning of Roehm's Bavarian love-nest. (Never, surely has so much gore been spilled so graphically over so many naked bodies.) The *voyeur* set is remembered with a number of explicit and close-up topless scenes, and the central character of the entire film is a young man so spectacularly kinky that he would have set Krafft-Ebing to chewing his fingernails. By the time he rapes his own mother, the audience is so numb that the act seems almost natural.

BUT, IF BY SOME FREAK of chance, you are that paragon among filmgoers, the uncommitted viewer, and have a stomach strong enough for the aforementioned wonders, what else will you see? You will see a rich, raw melodrama—in fact, one helluva story. I attended the film with a member of the Now Generation who had frankly never heard of Ernst Roehm, and who was also refreshingly hazy about the Krupps. In short, a *tabula rasa*—and he loved every minute of it. The sets are sumptuous, the acting (by Dirk Bogarde and some unfamiliar but able Continentals) is first-rate, and Visconti's direction is generally intelligent despite a tendency to gigantic close-ups that gave this viewer a mild case of claustrophobia. If you can weather the perversions and dispense firmly with the notion that you are watching biography, let alone history, you can have a whale of a time at *The Damned*.

A few sober afterthoughts linger. What are we coming to? Has the lust for novelty and sheer sensation swept us to a point where only vice and violence on this scale can move us? Or is *The Damned* best enjoyed in the balcony, with a date and a box of hot popcorn? It is, as I have suggested, a picture with many layers of meaning; but that is not to say that the deepest layers are necessarily the most rewarding, or even the most provocative. Some liberal critics have grumped about *The Damned*, despite its stage-villain Nazis, and I think that what really annoys them is its undeniable entertainment value. It is wrong (they are saying) for any film dealing with Nazi Germany to break out of the purely didactic mould. But the world and its history were always richer than the liberal imagination, and Signor Visconti knows it—and proves it. □

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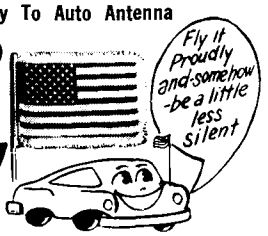

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Fanatics at Play

On The Right

New York, Feb. 16—The feverish opposition of Mr. Tom Wicker to the omnibus anticrime bill ("the greatest threat in many years to American liberty") reminds one of many things, general and specific. Specifically, it reminds me of the heat turned on, particularly in New York City but also throughout the country, against the repeal, in 1966, of the Civilian Review Board set up by John Lindsay to review charges against the police. It was predicted by champions of the board that its dissolution would bring black-white chaos.

When those arguments did not prevail and it seemed clear that New Yorkers would vote overwhelmingly to eliminate the board, someone discovered a "sleeper clause" in the proposed amendment. That clause, defenders of the board insisted, would have the effect of removing policemen from any kind of effective supervision. Eliminate the Civilian Review Board, they said, and you will get not only chaos, but also you will have constituted a new privileged class—policemen.

Well, the voters came down two to one against the board. Three years later, people have all but forgotten that it ever existed. There is no chaos attributable to its absence. The Civilian Review Board in Philadelphia meanwhile was yawned out of existence. And nobody in all of New York has come up with the "sleeper clause" as a device for mulcting special privileges out of the law in order to immunize policemen.

Now Mr. Wicker and the others are, once again, up to the same kind of thing. Listen. If the House passes the bill the Senate has overwhelmingly favored, we shall have "limited the Fourth Amendment, eroded the Fifth, threatened the Eighth and in numerous other ways combatted crime by assaulting constitutional rights." What, he asks, will the legal community do about it? "Rely . . . on the Supreme Court to rectify it years from now, if ever, and only after untold damage to individuals at the hands of the state, after further demonstrations of this kind of 'justice' to young people, many of whom already believe American ideals are a fraud?"

Now, if I were a young person, strolling at night through the streets of Washington, D.C., I would most emphatically believe that the preeminent ideals of America were fraudulent, because those ideals have to do with the guaranteeing of personal liberties. If I saw murder, loot, mugging, rape and the merchandising of heroin, I would doubt either the ideals of this country, or the competence of the government to give such protection as is its principal reason for being.

I remember the poignancy of a scene in Truman Capote's as yet undistributed television special on capital punishment. A middle-aged man, a psychiatrist, talks about having personally prevented the lynching of a young man who raped and killed his only daughter. He did so confident that justice would be officially dispensed to the killer. Now, a dozen years later, a pack of lawyers having played Sardines with the courts, the killer goes unpunished, and the mother, a gentlewoman of great sensibility, has begun to despise our society, and even her own husband who trusted it.

Mr. Wicker speaks about the "untold damage to individuals" that will be done by the bill. Speak to me of the untold damage you do to a heroin ring when you bang down the door and catch them pawing over the private enterprise version of chemical warfare. Speak to me about the untold damage that will be done to a defendant who is denied bail (maximum, sixty days) by a judge who surveying the record finds that in the past three years said defendant had been guilty of or implicated in one half-dozen muggings. Isn't it likelier that the untold benefit to other individuals than the criminals is the object of the omnibus bill?

Mr. Wicker is paying the penalty now of the fanatical extension of the Bill of Rights over a decade or two, such as to have made it, in the words of one prominent New York City judge, "ludicrously difficult to legally prove plain guilt." Mr. Wicker's appeal to latter-day attitudes concerning the majesty of the Bill of Rights should extend back further into history, to the Federalist Papers—in which Hamilton warned against the dangers of legal impotence. Unless the government has certain powers—to, e.g., detect and convict the lawbreaker—"we shall be obliged to conclude that the United States will afford the extraordinary spectacle of a government destitute even of the shadow of constitutional power to enforce the execution of its own laws." □

GREEK TALK *New York*, Feb. 22—I remember Mr. Robert Murphy telling me about having been sent to the Dominican Republic by President Kennedy to investigate various charges that had settled down around Trujillo after the dynasty was finally overthrown. He was taken to one large castle-type villa outside the city. "Here," his guide said, "is where a colonel or a general or a politician suspected of disloyalty would be invited to dinner by young Ramfis Trujillo. He would be royally wined, fed and flattered"—the guide walked Mr. Murphy around the spacious dining room—"and then he would be led down these —watch your step!—steep narrow stairs to (clank clank) this chamber"—the guide opened a huge door into a deep freeze storage room girded with meat hooks—"and then two men would materialize, grab the dinner guest, and suspend him alive on the meathooks. Ramfis would close the door, and go back upstairs for a cigar and brandy."

Great God!" I gasped, "is that *true*?" "No," said Mr. Murphy. "Not one solitary word of it turned out to be true. It was all made up by Trujillo's enemies."

Libre Belgique is the most influential daily newspaper in Brussels. A few weeks ago, it dispatched an enterprising reporter with instructions to get through to Nicholas Vardikos, former head of the Greek electricians' union, and a supporter of the late George Papandreou. The ordeal of Nicholas Vardikos was high in the register of complaints

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posted by Amnesty International to the Council of Europe which resulted in the withdrawal of Greece. According to the report, Vardikos was arrested April 23, 1967, the day after the colonels' coup, beaten brutally, wounded in the head by being thrown against a wall; had two teeth broken; was beaten all over the body with iron rods and for hours on the soles of the feet; had his head squeezed in a vise; was covered with wounds.

To the astonishment of the Belgian correspondent, Vardikos told him: "None of it is true. I was never arrested, never mistreated, never tortured." (*Libre Belgique* reproduces this sentence handwritten and signed, dated November 12, 1969.) Vardikos then told in detail the story of his relation to the regime and the events since his exile. He explained how Greek emigrés in Britain had tricked him into signing what he understood was an appeal for a general amnesty but turned out to be a statement that he had been tortured.

He told also how in Sweden, Andreas Papandreou had tried to get him to join a Communist-controlled trade union and to deliver speeches making accusations he knew to be false against the colonels. "Why have you given us this information?" *Libre Belgique* finally asked. Vardikos answered: "Because this whole struggle against Greece is being directed by the Communists. Also because I saw at first hand the corruption of the Greek politicians who have gone abroad."

Strange, how little publicity this statement has received. Certainly it has not appeared on the cover of *Look* Magazine, which practically serializes Greek torture stories. On the other hand, let's face it, it is more exciting to read about tortures committed than tortures uncommitted.

To say that the Greek colonels are not guilty of systematic torture is not, of course, to say that therefore the Greek colonels' regime is justified. Mr. C. L. Sulzberger writes, as ever intelligently, in the current *Foreign Affairs* that he does not "believe that torture is official policy" in Greece, "although gendarmes and especially Ioannidis' military police have sometimes been ruthlessly brutal." And he puts the Greek situation in historical focus. "The current fashion," he writes, "is to decry the military coup as a rape of democracy. Indeed it was; but democracy in Greece is no virgin. There had already been eight military revolutions or coups d'état since World War I," and two civil wars.

"Democracy" was invented in Greece all right, and is a Greek word. But one should not forget, Mr. Sulzberger reminds us, that so are the words "anarchy," "tyranny," "despotism" and—above all—"chaos." Colonel Papadopoulous emerges more and more clearly as an old-fashioned military despot—who is in absolutely no rush at all to implement his much-vaunted constitution. But it helps a little bit to know that he is not taking his guests down to the deep freeze at night. □

CHICAGO FIASCO

Paris, Feb. 28—The headline in *Le Figaro* is: "Violent Demonstrations/Follow Sentencing of/The Chicago Pacifists." One hopes for relief in the news story. But the designation it not amplified. Throughout the story, the defendants (and by indirection their lawyers), are referred to as "the pacifists of Chicago."

The story appeared before the judicial dénouement. It described the reaction in Berkeley, California, not to the final outcome of the trial, but to the sentencing for contempt of the principals involved in it by Judge Hoffman. The designation of them as "pacifists," like so much of the commentary during the past period, suggests the trouble we are in.

The attorneys, it is popularly supposed, are not responsible for the conduct of the defendants. In fact, the situation in the Chicago courtroom was such as to make it difficult to distinguish between the defendants and their attorneys, so clearly were they fused in attempting to make a political, as distinguished from a legal or constitutional, point.

The courtroom was utter chaos, a kind of psychedelic judicial melodrama, in which one defendant roared out to the presiding judge, "You're a disgrace to the Jews, runt! You should have served Hitler better." The attorneys were not, so far as one can see, ruffled. No effort, visible to the layman attempting to follow the story, was made by them to discipline their clients. On the contrary, their own behavior suggested their acquiescence in the characterization of the presiding judge as "racist," "fascist," "pig." An official of the American Civil Liberties Union called it "probably the most important political trial in the history of the U.S." One wonders whether he understood fully how correct he was, the point being that the effort of the defendants appears largely to have succeeded. The discussion of it has become political, rather than legal. "This is the first trial," *Newsweek* quotes a Chicago lawyer as commenting, "where [one] defendant has tried to render the trial impossible under the current judicial process. I wonder why a murderer hasn't tried this tactic of refusing to be tried. In effect, he could continue to stave off execution."

And how remarkably well the defendants have succeeded. Paris is not that far away, in an age of instant communication. But the news story refers to defendants merely as—"pacifists." It would be in no sense different if Goebbels and his staff, on trial at Nuremburg, were described by *Le Figaro* as "free speech advocates."

A few observations. 1) The stress in the news is—have you noticed?—on the severity of the sentences for contempt by Judge Hoffman. Is there, really, such a huge public curiosity about the appropriate punishment for a defendant or his lawyer, who denounces or countenances the denunciation of the presiding judge as a pig, or racist, or fascist? I mean, is there really a national commitment concerning the inadvisability of a four-year sentence, as distinguished from a six-month sentence or a two-year sentence? The answer is plainly no.

2) Is it not striking that, in the general commotion, so little thought has been given to what would have been the appropriate action taken by the presiding judge? Unless one desires simply to jettison the entire system of Western jurisprudence, one ought to begin by asking the question: What does a judge do when the defendants intentionally and, with the apparent collaboration of their lawyers, simply proceed to make impossible the mechanisms of jurisprudence?

And 3), is the suspicion well founded that judges, when called up to affirm the authority of other justices over the conduct of lawyers, become lawyers rather than justices? They say it about doctors—that they will hardly ever appear as witnesses in malpractice suits. And they are saying it about judges that their loyalty to the gender lawyer is greater than their allegiance to the species judge. We will see. Meanwhile one hopes to see a division between those who—for whatever reasons—disapprove the 1968 Act under which the defendants were being tried, and those who disapprove the conduct of the case by Judge Hoffman: between them, and those whose single concern is to side politically with the defendants. It is up to the former to tell us what ought to have been done, and how a judge is supposed to maintain order in such a situation. They must do so even at the risk of being called pigs, fascists and racists. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A Swiss who founded an American motor company; his brother won the Indianapolis race in 1920

6 234 200 174 192 227 54 155 173

B. A unit, numerically equal to a rate of 33,000 ft.-lbs. of work per minute

96 40 135 50 67 74 163 233 85 116

C. This road still leads to Rome

102 4 199 12 70 82

D. A very expensive automobile

112 48 143 237 15 121 153 3 71 89

E. Like the young of a sheep

129 17 90 25 55 209 195

F. Productive of, or having power to produce, the effect intended

134 211 161 177 204 10 28 51 149 183 187

G. Something which functions or operates under water

139 109 126 166 91 201 27 49 175

H. The former name of an American automobile (its nameplate served as a warning)

123 20 93 190 235 114 162 210 212 219 232 44 64

I. An automobile was named for him after one had been named for his father

14 26 39 45 8 23 34 66 84

J. The name of two trees

208 61 18 56 29

K. Unscramble I WED SPIES

229 19 193 180 110 60 128 36 196

L. A part of General Motors Corporation

148 5 181 231 117 138 182 159 185 113

M. A disease of the external ear

22 104 176 189 198 137 218 223 9 24

N. A car was named for his initials, another from the last eight letters of his full name + B

152 7 11 46 105 164 168 228 58 32 43 130 131

O. Senator Joseph R. McCarthy was not impressed by the fact *that he was* Beck's attorney

62 103 35 13

P. *Persicaria punctata*

88 80 124 217 37 69 87 145 220 226 230 140 236 79 108

Q. He gets a lot of junk mail

125 72 156 119 65 97 21 30

R. To taint with morbid matter

165 41 202 101 78 157

S. A Venetian painter who almost became a centenarian

184 31 75 158 144 224

T. To be filled with desire

57 203 76 147 33

U. A workshop

146 133 170 106 222 120 77 68

V. What Feller was on opening day thirty years ago

216 160 213 186 205

W. What slum residents often are

38 132 99 52 206 111 98 122 92

X. An early settler (he didn't settle for thirty cents on the dollar!)

59 118 127 42 95 194 171 150

Y. What a millionaire with wheels in his head is

73 142 172 214 107 225 169 53 178

Z. Collective term for Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, etc.

179 1 2 16 63 86 167 188 207 47 100 115 154 94

a. What Ophelia must have used, because Hamlet said, "You make yourselves another."

81 83 136 141 151 191 197 215 221

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 270 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram

	1 Z		2 Z	3 D	4 C	5 L	6 A	7 N	8 I		9 M	10 F	11 N	12 C	13 O	14 I	15 D	16 Z	17 E
18 J	19 K	20 H	21 Q		22 M	23 I		24 M	25 E	26 I	27 G	28 F	29 J	30 Q	31 S	32 N	33 T		34 I
35 O		36 K	37 P	38 W	39 I	40 B	41 R	42 X	43 N		44 H	45 I	46 N	47 Z	48 D	49 G	50 B	51 F	52 W
53 Y	54 A	55 E	56 J	57 T		58 N	59 X		60 K	61 J	62 O	63 Z	64 H	65 Q	66 I	67 B	68 U	69 P	
70 C	71 D	72 Q	73 Y	74 B	75 S	76 T	77 U	78 R	79 P		80 P	81 a		82 C	83 a	84 I	85 B	86 Z	87 P
	88 P	89 D	90 E	91 G	92 W	93 H	94 Z		95 X	96 B	97 Q	98 W		99 W	100Z	101R		102C	103Q
104M	105N		106U	107Y	108P	109G	110K	111W	112D	113L		114H	115Z		116B	117L	118X	119Q	120U
121D	122W	123H		124P	125Q		126G	127X	128K	129E	130N		131N	132W	133U	134F	135B		136a
137M	138L	139G		140P	141a		142Y	143D	144S	145P	146U	147T		148L	149F	150X		151a	152N
153D	154Z	155A	156Q	157R	158S	159L	160V		161F	162H	163B	164N		165R	166G	167Z	168N	169Y	170U
171X	172Y	173A		174A	175G	176M	177F	178Y	179Z	180K	181L		182L	183F	184S		185L	186V	187F
188Z	189M	190H	191a	192A	193K		194X	195E	196K		197a	198M	199C	200A	201G	202R	203T	204F	205V
206W	207Z	208J	209E		210H	211F		212H	213V	214Y		215a	216V	217P		218M	219H	220P	221a
	222U	223M	224S	225Y	226P	227A	228N	229K		230P	231L	232H		233B	234A	235H	236P	237D	

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